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INDIANA KNOBS, NEAR NEW ALBANY, INDIANA.

THE beautiful view which forms the third of our series, is one of the most picturesque among a range of high and abrupt hills known as the Indiana Knobs, situated a few miles from New Albany. The scenery around is wild, bold, and picturesque in the extreme, presenting to the lover of nature a constant change of view truly delightful. The suddenness of the various ascents and descents, the bold bluffs, around and up and down which, the high road winds, keeps the traveler in a state of continual surprise and admiration, provided that, should he be a stage traveler, he can so far forget the bodily infirmities consequent upon being almost shaken to death, as to allow free exercise to his intellect. To the eye of the painter and the poet, the scenery from which our engraving is drawn teems with beauty—while the traveler, whose pleasure is enhanced by the uncertainty or danger of his route, has ample food for the gratification of such an outlandish fancy.

These Indiana Knobs are traversed by the mail stages, and the road along which the stage creeps is certainly very much less level than a bowling green—up hill and down dale—clinging as it were to the hill side—every instant being shaken and jolted to such a degree, that it is perfectly astonishing how the ramshackled old coach holds together, or how the full-blooded and high-spirited horses are kept from bolting over the side of the hill, and dashing themselves, coach, driver, passengers and all to atoms. Yet, 'spite of all the natural difficulties—'spite of rickety coaches, which every now and then lose linchpins or some other equally important part—the stages get through, and the passengers escape broken limbs—albeit they are so shaken as to have no bone in their bodies free from soreness.—Such a ride over these knobs is sure to make a lasting impression. The whole scenery through that section of Indiana and Illinois abounds in wood and prairie, and thoroughly beautiful it is, diversified in every possible degree of variety, offering combinations of wood, hill, and dale—bold bluffs and gently undulating declivities, with wide expanses of open ground, each in its turn claiming attention and exciting admiration. The inequality of the roads appear in keeping with the scene, and if it

sometimes happens that the bridge over an unusually deep ravine has broken in, and the coach has to get down a descent like the side of a house, from which the horses recede and draw back with affright, the momentary feeling of anxiety is lost in the eager curiosity to comprehend how the difficulty can possibly be overcome; while, as the coach ascends the opposite hill, admiration and astonishment at the almost miraculous performance, absorb every faculty.

To fully enjoy such a ride, and to see the most striking peculiarities of western stage travel, it is necessary that the traveler should be a solitary one, and that the weather should be excessively cold—the writer enjoyed these advantages, being alone in the various coaches during an uninterrupted journey of three days and nights—the clear, piercing, bracing atmosphere of the prairies, although delightful to breathe, while circulating the blood, felt a vast deal too cold to one who had to remain motionless, with his blood stagnating, unless a slight impetus happened to be given to circulation by some unusually severe shock from the uneven road. Warm clothing and a fair stock of patience would get a man through these difficulties, were they all—but still greater existed—there was scarcely any food to be procured. In eastern traveling, capital inns are to be found at certain points, where the hungry traveler may lay in a stock of that animal comfort so essential to supply the deficiency in the system, caused by the "wear and tear" consequent upon long and uninterrupted journeys, but on the prairies and in the woods no such comforts await him—the fresh horses are obtained at a place which looks as though it never had contained any food, and the drivers—a new one each stage—are destitute of all consideration for the passenger, thinking that as they have supplied their wants and are ready to start, he ought to be so likewise—when by good fortune there is a place found at which a meal can be had—good or bad—it is eaten with a relish which nothing but keen appetite and long fasting can produce; a relish materially heightened by a knowledge that a most interesting uncertainty exists as to when and where the next will be eaten.

E. F.

ROME.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SKETCHES IN ITALY."

WHO has not longed to visit Rome? What heart is not bound to her by the meshes of various associations?—the studies of schoolboy days—the deeper reading of maturer life—the dreamings of fancy—the retrospections of memory—the musings of wisdom—all bind us to the city of the Cæsars:—mother of empires! cradle of arts! great treasure-house of human wisdom! It is not strange that the gaze of the world should be fixed upon her who so strongly hath influenced the destinies of man. Her history is the grandest human record ever penned for "the teaching of the nations," and all people and classes, may turn to it with interest, and study it with profit.

From Rome the statesman learns his most valuable and enlarged lessons of civil policy. In the rise, progress, and decline of her single state, he traces the operation of the principal varieties of human government. Rome teaches the patriot to feel that it is indeed, "*dulce et decorum pro patria mori*;" and from the example of her worthies he learns to emulate the devotion of Camillus, and the integrity of Cincinnatus. From the campaigns of Cæsar, and the brilliant successes of Antony; the soldier adds to his knowledge of the art of war; while, from the Pandects of Justinian, the jurist is imbued with the soundest principles of law to guide society aright amid the vicissitudes of peace. The poet climbs Parnassus in the delightful companionship of Virgil; and the friend of Mæcenas leads the votary of the muses to the purest fountains of Helicon.

To her the Christian looks with the deepest interest; for far back in the gloom of her history, he perceives the divine form of Religion, emerging from the horrors of relentless persecution, and shedding upon the night of Paganism the dawning effulgence of the gospel of Christ! There is scarcely a virtue which has honored, or a vice which has disgraced our nature; scarcely a character which, in the full proportions of its manliness, commands our admiration; or, in the depth of its malignity, receives our scorn; that has not its prototype in Rome. The rapt soul of the artist, in his wildest moments of imagining, has never conceived images of beauty surpassing those which grew into divinities on the canvass of her painters; or were invested with the immortality of marble by the chisels of her sculptors. The richest fancy that ever revelled in creations of magnificence, scarcely built up in the regions of the air, mansions more splendid than those which covered the Palatine, and from the heights of the Capotoline, overlooked *Imperial Rome*!

To the eye of intelligent observation, the records of time, through all the lapse of his long ages, present no spectacle so absorbing in its grandeur as

the Mistress of the World at the height of her power.

Within a circuit of forty-eight miles, the city which Augustus "found brick, and left marble," concentrated in itself the choicest treasures of a subjugated world. Its streets were lined with palaces—its heights crowded with temples—its altars groaned beneath the weight of trophies; from the rude bow of the Scythian hunter, to the golden vessels of the Temple at Jerusalem. In all directions were indications of the renown or wealth of the city. Here, a triumphal column—there, a towering arch—here, a commemorative pillar—there, a majestic amphitheatre. Her population were at times turbulent, vicious, and unjust; but there was still about them two noble characteristics; a lofty *pride of citizenship*, which nothing could overawe: and an *energy*, sturdy, *Roman*, and indomitable, which nothing could daunt. From this splendid centre the radii of her greatness penetrated the world—her legions swept every land—the sword of her leaders opened the way for the wisdom of her sages, and the codes of her jurists; and *civilization* and *art* were Rome's gifts to the vanquished.

I do not propose to go into any investigation of the supposed causes of her downfall. They have occupied the attention of the learned for ages, and are spread out on the pages of Gibbon. The *great* reason of her decay, however, it needs but little learning to understand. From the first gathering of the rude followers of Romulus, to the fall of the empire, her affairs were directed by that *Unknown God*, to whom the altar of the Acropolis was in ignorance inscribed—in the accomplishment of whose great purposes nations are instruments, and their thousand years of existence but as a single day.

Her power had banded the nations together—had made communications with the various tribes of earth practicable. She had filled the measure of her appointed usefulness, and, while the stupendous fabric of her greatness was even yet *tottering* to its fall, the *Cross* was speeding on in the path of the Eagle—and the soldiers of *Christianity* were succeeding the *Legionaries of Rome*.

From these cursory reflections, let us turn to the immediate object of our article, which is to enjoy together some glimpses of the city as the traveler finds it at this day.

Let us catch our first glimpse of the city, in its whole extent, from some neighboring eminence, and for that purpose place ourselves upon the wooded heights of Albano. To the left, the Campagna stretches, bare and unbroken, to Ostia and the blue waves of the Mediterranean Sea. To the right, upon the slope of the hill, is the old Tusculum, and, above it, the site of

Hannibal's most celebrated Italian camp, from which the retreating general looked out for the last time upon the great rival of Carthage. Yet farther on, embowered in woods, lies Tivoli, with its lovely valley and glancing Cascatelles. Upon the plain beneath, a circle of white marks the spot where the waters of the Lake Regillus

"Once bubbled with crimson foam,
What time the Thirty Cities
Came forth to war with Rome."

Immediately beneath us stretches the vast plain which was the site of the old city, now thickly strewn with "fallen column, capital, and fane." Yonder rise the massive ruins of the Baths of Caracalla—there, run, in long succession, the arches of the Old Acqueduct. In that field stands the Tomb of the Scipios—"whose sacred urn contains no ashes now—" there, is the spot sanctified by the heroic strife of the Horatii. Yonder Oasis in the Desert of Ruin, is the sacred grove where Numa communed with his divine counsellor. And the waters of Egeria's Crystal Spring still

"Bubble from the base of the cleft Statue."

While the green hills

Are clothed with early blossoms, through the grass
The quick-eyed lizzard rustles; and the bills
Of summer birds make music as ye pass:
Flowers, fresh in hue, and many in their class,
Implore the passing step, and with their dyes
Dance in the soft breeze in a fairy mass:—
The sweetness of the violet's deep blue eyes
Kissed by the breath of Heaven, seems colored by its skies."

That stern, round tower of other days, veiled with "three thousand years of ivy," is the tomb of Cecilia Inetella. In the distance, the Pyramid of Caius Cestus cuts the air with its clear outline, and, beyond, lies Rome, with her towers and columns—her crowded habitations, and crumbling ruins—the Tiber flashing in her midst, and the domes and palaces of the Monte Vaticano upheaved to heaven, as if by Titan hands!

Rome cannot be called a *beautiful* city. For miles upon all sides it is surrounded by a barren and almost level plain or campagna, which environs it with a belt of pestilence and desolation. It impresses the approaching traveler favorably, from the single point from which we have already viewed it; and nothing but the knowledge of the treasures which are contained in its bosom, and the associations which surround it like a glory, could save him from disappointment, as his carriage rolls under its gateway, and he feels that he is in the Eternal City. Its streets are narrow and dark—sometimes they scarcely rise above the dignity of what we call *alleys*. The houses have a dingy and time-worn look, and in some quarters it is *filthy* to a degree which is positively nauseating!—it looks as if the corporation were not only devoid of souls, as they usually are, but were destitute of the senses of sight and smell besides. Like all European capitals, it has its *great street*, where is concentrated its finest shops, its most splendid palaces, its greatest concourse of life; and in which the appearance and habits of its people may be advantageously studied. This thoroughfare, which is called *the Corso*, runs through the city from

its northern extremity to the base of the Capitoline hill. It is paved with round stones, and blessed with side-walks only in a portion of its length. During the day it is quiet, and somewhat dull, and affords but little evidence of the extent of the population; but, as the sun sinks, and the cool breath of the *perima sera* comes laden with freshness and perfume from the Alban Hills, or the far heights of Soracte, the current of life sets through it with a rapidity and volume which affords the looker-on a fair opportunity of beholding all the varieties of its people. From the recesses of his shop, where, all day long, he has been exerting his ingenuity in making the credulous foreigner pay enormous prices for his cameos, the *dealer* comes forth, and the expression of cunning which marks his narrow features gives you the prevailing characteristic of his class.

The beggars, a motley and numerous throng, who, during the heat of the day, have been coiled up in the shade of a wall, or under the steps of a temple, resume their monotonous drone, and ragged, filthy, and miserable, they dog the steps of the passers-by, until charity loses its dignity as a virtue, and becomes the result of imperative necessity.

Troops of the lowest classes of the population are pouring into the open portals of the churches, or prostrating themselves on the steps, in all the abandonment of a feeling, which may excite sympathy if it fails to command respect.

In this devout crowd you may ever be sure of finding rare specimens of human misery, as well as some of the ugliest female physiognomies which Rome can furnish. The greater number of the worshippers are women, for in Catholic, as well as in Protestant countries, the majority of those who are found in the churches, are of the sex who, from the superior purity of their lives, have perhaps less need of the ministrations of the temple. I am not, however, to be understood as saying that *all* the worshippers are women, or that all are of the same low class. There is always an admixture, and the haughtiest lady may *sometimes* be seen kneeling by the side of the poorest peasant.

But, from the poor who are kneeling at the altar, let us turn to the crowd now filling the Corso. The street is alive with carriages. From the courtyard of every palace a stylish equipage comes dashing out; the coachman in a uniform as elegant as a field marshall's, and the footmen outshining militia captains in their bravery of colors and embroidery. *This* heavy and mis-shapen concern, which is called a coach by courtesy, looking as hot as Vesuvius in the intensity of its bright red paint, picked out with gilding; its driver, and its three attendant lacqueys on the foot board, rigged out in scarlet coats, cocked hats, and red plush unmentionables; is the state equipage of a Cardinal, who is wending his way to the Quirinale, on a visit to the Pope. *That* light and elegant vehicle, whirling along with four prancing greys, is the drosky of a Russian Princess. *This* snug little *box* of a carriage, painted a subdued green; hung so low that its floor is almost on the level of the street; and rolling along with a sort of conscious air of comfort and wealth, is the Brougham of an English milor! *That* old hack, whose cushions are none of the newest, and whose tired horses have been trotting

all day long from the *Pizza di Spagna* to the church of St. Peter's, and are now dozing over the anticipated delights of the stable; is the extempore state carriage of a party of *Yankee Boys*, who are evidently unconcerned about the figure they cut in such an assemblage of full dress equipages, and with caps on head, and shirt collars turned over, (two unfailing signs, by the way, of an American on the continent,) are looking as independent as kings *should be*, and as full of curiosity as *Yankees are*. This exquisite barouche, in which the taste of a woman has evidently been consulted, before which four beautiful horses are curvetting and prancing beneath the whips of two handsome boys, who, dressed in jackets of silk, and breeches of white leather, with postillion boots, and tasteful caps of dark velvet, bestride the leader and near horse; is the last in the long train now rolling on to the Forum; and leaning back upon its cushions is a lady of the princely family of the Borghese, one who will serve as our type of the Patrician beauty of Rome.

Her figure is of the middle size—somewhat between the slight gracefulness of an American girl, and the developed beauty of an English woman—the feet, one of which is just touching the front seat, are small, and beautifully shaped—the hands, which are crossed before her, equally evince the purity of her blood—the hair, which is half-hidden by her light bonnet, is smooth, and black as a raven's wing—the contour of the features is purely classic—the forehead is fair and high—the brows arched and delicately pencilled—the eyes are soft, black and lustrous; and a world of fiery passion and dreamy feeling seems shaded by the long lashes which droop veil-like before them—the complexion is a clear, transparent olive, and the tout ensemble, just what Canova delighted to embody in marble, or Titian to breathe into canvass.

While the carriage of the high-born lady is whirling around the Colosseum, let us join the throng of loungers, who are discussing the news of the day in the *Piazza del Popolo*, and see if we cannot hit off some daguerotype likenesses of "the bone and sinew," who are congregated there. This "Square of the People," as it may be literally translated, is a double semi-circle of considerable extent, surrounded with handsome and uniform buildings. At one end it is terminated by the most elegant of the city gates, and at the other, stand two noble churches, precisely alike in size and appearance, while the three principal streets of Rome diverge from this extremity. In the middle, at the bottom of each semi-circle, is a large and elegant fountain, ornamented with statues. In the centre rises an obelisk of dark granite, which Augustus brought from Egypt, covered with hieroglyphics intelligible alone to the followers of Champolion. This square is a fashionable, and unfashionable rendezvous, and at present a motley crowd is sauntering through it. Here are the better classes of the citizens who have been engaged during the day in various useful avocations; and are now enjoying a stroll, with or without their wives and children. They are well dressed, the fashion of their garments is sober and genteel, presenting no peculiarities worthy our notice. Their countenances are grave, and their demeanor dignified and polite. Here are priests of every grade, clad in clerical black—smooth faced, insinuating looking personages.

Venerable Padrés, who at every step are solicited for their blessing. *Students* of the Propaganda, in long black gowns and silken caps—beneath which may be recognized the features of nearly all the nations of the earth. *Pilgrims*, who have paced many a weary mile from other lands and distant provinces, to the Mecca of the church, with staff, and scallop shell and well worn sandal. *Monks*, fat, unctuous, and odoriferous; with gowns of coarse gray serge, bound with ropes about their dirty persons; their shaven crowns gleaming in the twilight, and an odour of garlic and other villainous comestibles making their room far better than their company. *Herdsmen* of the Campagna, pallid and sickly—walking malarias—lean embodiments of human wretchedness. *Mountaineers* from Albano, sturdy and strong-limbed—with the glow of health shining through their bronzed cheeks, and evident in their manly persons—models for the sculptor these—their high steeple-crowned hats and white felt, tricked off with ribbands—their small clothes of corduroy unbuttoned at the knee—a crimson sash folded around the waist—their shoes bright with silver buckles—the jacket thrown carelessly across one arm, and the collar of the shirt turned over the broad shoulders. *Peasant girls* in all the bravery of holiday attire—boddice of bright red, stiff with whalebone, and tied with gay flaunting ribbands—their hair covered with a heavy headdress of white linen or wool, laid fold upon fold, and depending on the back with a deep fringe—short gowns, red stockings, and brown cheeks—their eyes black and flashing, and their faces oftentimes full of that high, dignified, devotional beauty which belongs to the Madonna. Studies for the Painter, these. To these add a due admixture of clamorous mendicants, and ambulatory merchants in the various staples of cauliflowers, beans, chesnuts, and oranges, and the ordinary materials of a Roman crowd are before you.

There is a peculiarity about the population of Rome, which I may as well refer to in this connection. It is a curious one, and to me was always affecting. Like the French, the Italians are ordinarily lively and mirth-loving to a degree which almost excites our contempt. At Naples the common people go into extacies at the exhibition of Punch, whose drolleries are ever the same, and which they witness every day of their lives. At Florence, Milan, and Venice, there is a shade more of soberness perceptible; but about the Romans, there is a sort of melancholy reserve—an innate dignity of demeanor, and an air of subdued sorrow, which is very striking. They seem like a people bowed down by some past, but fearful calamity, and it is only upon grand occasions, such as the carnival, or the festivities of the Holy week, that they are roused into any extravagance of mirth. I do not know how to account for this in a satisfactory manner, but the impression it always produced upon my mind was: that there is still in the veins of the people, some of the *old Roman blood*; drops of that *royal purple* which beat in the pulses of the masters of the world: and that the memory of what Rome *was*, and the consciousness of what she *is*: the *old glory* and the *present shame*, had cast its shadow upon their spirits.

Just beside the *Porta del Popolo*, is the beautiful villa of the Borghese family. The grounds are laid out in the English style, and are very extensive.

Here, a Park of noble trees, with the deer racing through its green depths—there, an aviary filled with birds of every variety of class and plumages—verdant lawns, with fountains throwing up jets of water in various forms—long walks, shaded from the noonday heat by the interlacing branches of the pine, laurel, and cypress: with statues half seen at regular intervals amid the dense shrubberies—mimic theatres—graceful waterfalls—beautiful drives—ancient ruins—fragments of wall or temple—endless labyrinths—fairy bowers—gardens and grottoes.

Near the centre of the grounds is the Palace, a lofty building of prodigious length—along the front runs a light and beautiful gallery—the chambers are large and finely proportioned—the furniture is rich and tasteful—you tread upon marble floors, or quaint designs in rare and costly woods—you look up to ceilings glowing with frescoes they the most eminent hands—the walls are hung with the glorious works of Raphael, the Caracci, Domenichino, Guido, and other masters of the art—around are objects of rare workmanship from all parts of the world—curious carvings in ivory from the “central flowery land”—cabinets of ebony from India, set with gold, and blazing with precious stones—statuary of exquisite beauty dug up from the dust of crumbling Temples, or fresh from the hands of Thorswalden and Canova—all that genius and skill, and unbounded wealth, could furnish at the call of luxury and taste, contribute to render this one of the most perfect Palaces of Rome.

From the gathering place of the people, and the home of the noble, let us pass to the magnificence of the church, and the sanctity of the Forum. It would require a wealth of language, and a power of graphic delineation which I am far from possessing, to enable me to embody in my imperfect sketch, any just idea of the Basilica of St. Peter's; the most august Temple of ancient or modern times. I will give you the outline, however, and leave the filling up to your imaginations.

To reach St. Peter's from the Villa Borghese, it is necessary to traverse a great portion of the city, and as we cross the Tiber by the Ælian Bridge, the first objects which meets our view, is the Castle of St. Angelo, the present fortress and prison-house of Rome. This building was erected by the Emperor Hadrian, and was designed as a resting-place for the imperial dead.

It is circular in form, about two hundred and twenty feet in diameter, and rests upon huge blocks of Peperino stone.—It was converted into a fortress during the siege of Rome by the Goths in the year 537, and the superstructure of brick which surmounts it, together with the ditch and bastions, were added in the Pontificates of Alexander and Urban. To those who chance to visit Rome during Holy week, the castle of St. Angelo will long be memorable for the grand display of fire works of which it is the scene. This exhibition usually comes off on the Monday night succeeding Holy Friday. The houses which line the opposite bank of the Tiber, are hung with rich cloths and old tapestry—their windows are brilliantly lighted up, and hired out for the evening at an exorbitant price—stagings are erected in the square, chairs are ranged on the shore, boats are brought into play on the river, and the descendants of the Cæsars, by many an odd

shift to accomodate the curious, evince as much anxiety for dollars, as we Yankees are said to do. The crowd collects about dusk, and is a curious admixture—the Patricians fill the balconies and windows of the neighboring houses—the Plebians cover the square, and choke up the bridge—they pile themselves upon its ballustrades, and cling to its statues—gesticulating, laughing, wrangling, and swaying to and fro, as the troops stationed at each end move to enforce order, and making just as much riot as they dare to venture upon, with bayonets in front, and cavalry in the rear. For a couple of hours, the crowd continues to receive accessions, until from the castle far down the streets leading to the river, spreads one sea of upturned faces, watching with the impatience of growing fatigue the black mass of the Vatican Palace, from whose towers is to come the signal for the grand display they have assembled to witness. Suddenly the glare of a rocket, lights up the dome of St. Peter's—another, and another shoot up in quick succession, followed by the roar of many cannon; and instantly from the bosom of the castle, goes up a flight of balloons, some twenty in number, followed by a host of rockets, scattering gold and silver stars—these are succeeded by a grand outburst of some *four thousand rockets* in a single discharge; intended to represent an eruption of Vesuvius—and then for nearly an hour, succeeds an infinite variety of fountains, flowers, wheels, girandoles and stars, running through all the combinations of Pyrotechny, and forming a display of unparalleled splendor.

At times, the whole castle is wrapped in a shroud of the densest smoke, from the bosom of which will shoot a host of rockets, or the quick flash of exploding cannon, and again castle, bridge, and river glow in some grand outbreak of fire, which tinges with light the distant cross of St. Peter's, and the crowded Palaces of the Vatican. The whole concludes with a cascade of colored fires, which, sweeping up to a height of some twenty feet, from the whole front of the castle, form a glorious sheet of flame, and pours its golden sparks far over upon the bridge, and into the wave below, making old Father Tiber, blush with the hues of sunset.

A walk of about a quarter of a mile from the Castle, through narrow and dirty streets, from which lofty and irregular buildings exclude one half of their legitimate allowance of day-light, brings you to the commencement of the vast Piazza of St. Peter's, at the end of which, at nearly the same distance, stands the church.

The Piazza is triple—the first is nearly square, and about two hundred and forty feet in length; the second is elliptical, about five hundred and fifty feet in length, by five hundred and ten in breadth—the third is quadrangular, growing gradually broader, as it approaches the church, being about three hundred feet in length, by three hundred and sixty in breadth. The central one is called “the Piazza of St. Peter's,” and is eminent for its beauty and magnificence—it is paved with broad, flat stones, and bounded on each side by a semi-elliptical collonnade composed of no less than two hundred and eighty-four large Doric columns—which form a triple portico on each side of the Piazza, the central one being wide enough for two carriages to pass abreast.

The height of the collonnade is sixty-seven feet, by a breadth of fifty-six, and on the entablature is a ballus-

trade which is ornamented with two hundred statues, each eleven feet and a half in height. In the centre is an obelisk of red Egyptian granite, which was brought from Egypt, by Caligula—it was erected at Heliopolis, by a son of Sesostris, and is one of the most elegant in Europe, it is one hundred and thirty feet high, *including the pediment*—an idea of its size and weight may be had from the fact, that when the celebrated Fontana, proceeded to raise it from the earth, in which, after the destruction of Nero's circus, it lay buried: he contrived forty-one machines, the powers of which were all applied at once by means of eight hundred men, and one hundred and sixty horses, and with this tremendous force, it was a labor of *eight days*; while with the same force, to transport the obelisk only three hundred paces, required four months. Upon each side of this obelisk, midway between it and the lateral colonnades, is a most beautiful fountain, throwing a jet of water about fifteen feet high—they are of uniform construction, and forty feet in height—the circular basins, which receive the falling water, are of oriental granite, and the lower ones are eighty feet in circumference. Beyond the colonnades, or rather terminating them, upon each side of the Piazza, is a noble covered gallery, three hundred and ninety feet in length, leading to the vestibule of the church, which stands upon the summit of a fine flight of steps. Its length is four hundred and seventy-five feet—its breadth forty, and its height sixty-seven feet. The facade of the church is three hundred and ninety-six feet in width, and one hundred and fifty-nine high. This magnificent facade is ornamented with four pilasters, and eight immense Corinthian columns, each eight feet in diameter, and eighty-five feet high. On the top is a balustrade, which supports thirteen colossal statues representing Christ and the Apostles, each figure being seventeen feet in height.

I have been thus particular in the exterior details, in order to prepare your minds as much as possible for the contemplation of the gigantic proportions and true sublimity of the interior of this magnificent edifice, which, indeed;

—“Of temples old, or altars new,
Standest alone—with nothing like to it—
Worthiest of God, the Holy and the true.
Since Zion's desolation, when that He
Forsook his former city, what could be,
Of earthly structures, in his honor piled
Of a sublimer aspect. Majesty,
Power, Glory, Strength and Beauty; all are aisled
In this eternal ark of worship, undefiled!”

Let us, in the first place, endeavor to attain some idea of its immense size.

Its form is that of a Latin cross. Its total length, including the thickness of its walls, is seven hundred and twenty-two feet; its width in the arms of the cross, or transept, is four hundred and fifty-five feet—of the body of the church, one hundred and thirty feet,—the width of the nave, exclusive of the two side aisles, is ninety-five feet,—and its height to the vault is two hundred: the walls of the nave are pierced on each side by four arches, leading into the aisles, between each of which arches are two fluted Corinthian pilasters, eighty feet in height—between

the pilasters are two niches, one above the other, containing each a marble statue more than twelve feet high—above each of the arches is a nich filled by a statue still more gigantic, being over twenty-four feet in height. The pavement is composed of marbles—the vault of the nave is covered with gilding—the aisles open into four magnificent chapels on each side, which are in themselves worthy of the highest admiration. They are all surmounted with cupolas, and are blazing with mosaics, rare marbles and precious stones. Between these chapels are monuments erected in honor of celebrated Popes, magnificent in design, and ornamented with colossal statues of exquisite beauty.

An idea of the gigantic yet perfect proportions of this wonderful edifice may be derived from the fact, that the cherubs which support the basins of holy water at the base of the two first pilasters, seem from the door of the church, to be of the size of life, but when approached, are found to be ten feet high—while the pen in the hand of the Evangelist St. Mark in the niche above, is eight feet in length, though, from the floor, it seems to be of the ordinary size. Advancing up the nave, the most prominent object which arrests our attention is the Baldachino, or canopy, which stands immediately beneath the Dome, and over the High Altar. It is formed entirely of gilded bronze, and supported by four twisted or spiral pillars.

In comparison with the other parts of the building, it is not at all striking from its size. Its cost is estimated at one hundred thousand Scudi, nearly *one hundred and fourteen thousand Dollars!* And the gilding upon it involved an expenditure of forty-five thousand!

Just in front of the Baldachino, is a small chapel open from above, into which you descend by a flight of steps. Tradition assigns this spot as the burial place of St. Peter—and a more gorgeous resting place the pride of man could not well desire, nor the art of man construct. The sides of this chapel are literally covered with gold and precious stones.

Before the sacred shrine, is a colossal statue of Pius the Sixth, by Canova—his last, and one of his most magnificent works. Around the brazen railing which surrounds the chapel at the top, are ranged one hundred and twelve enormous gilded lamps, which are kept constantly burning. On the right of the nave near the cupola, is a bronze statue of St. Peter, seated beneath a canopy. This figure is an object of special reverence, and no good catholic ever passes it without doing it honor after the prescribed form; which is to kiss the foot two or three times, pressing the forehead against it between each salutation. Beyond the Dome, and at the termination of the nave, is the Tribune, which is semi-circular in form. Here, borne up into the air upon the shoulders of four colossal Doctors of the Church, whose bronze figures are no less than eighteen feet high, cased within a large chair of bronze, is the seat which is said to be that used by St. Peter. It is reported to be of wood, with ornaments of ivory and gold. Above it are four gigantic angels, two of whom support a triple crown, and still higher up is seen a glory of lesser cherubim. The whole of this enormous fabric is made of bronze, obtained from the Pantheon, to

the amount of *two hundred and fourteen thousand pounds!*

"But lo! the Dome," which makes St. Peter's the wonder of the world. Its height from the pavement of the nave to the top of the cross, is *four hundred and fifty-eight feet*. Its internal diameter is *one hundred and forty*, while the four immense masses of square masonry which support it, are no less than *two hundred and forty feet in circumference!* and rise to a height of *one hundred and seventy eight!* Conceive this vast concave, which arches over the astonished beholder like another heaven; traversed by successive galleries—adorned with gigantic statues, and blazing with gold and mosaics, and you may perhaps suppose that you have attained some idea of its grandeur; yet, vivid as may be your imagination, the reality will far surpass the conception; and when you come to stand beneath it, and your spirit is "expanded by the genius of the spot," you will feel with me that, like Niagara, St. Peter's is indescribable.

The wealth which has been lavished upon the interior decoration of this building, is almost incredible. The paintings in mosaic, of which there are twenty-nine, (one over each of its altars,) cost twenty-two thousand dollars a-piece; making *six hundred and sixty-eight thousand dollars* expended in this single article of adornment. In addition to these, statues, relievos, precious stones, rare marbles, costly altar furniture, gildings and bronze, make up an enormous aggregate of wealth, of which an idea may be derived from the fact, that up to the year sixteen hundred and ninety-four, just a century and a half ago, the whole amount expended upon the church exceeded *fifty-two million five hundred thousand dollars!**

Now, while this reference to the details of size and costliness may assist us in forming an opinion of the magnitude and magnificence of St. Peter's, no idea of its overwhelming grandeur can be had, except by those whose good fortune it has been to tread its marble naves, to survey its gorgeous chapels, to look up to its glowing vault, to gaze upon its colossal monuments and statues, and to witness the pomp of its ceremonials, and to hear the peals of its numerous organs and echoing chaunts swelling up in one burst of resounding harmony to the over-arching heaven of its Dome.

*In a late New York paper it is stated, that the whole number of Churches, of all denominations, in that city, is 172, and that their total cost amounts to \$5,067,775; which is not quite *one-tenth* part of the cost of St. Peter's one hundred and fifty years ago!

At all times the crowds, which seem lost in its spacious aisles, present a spectacle of picturesque beauty and interest, but to stand beside one of its gigantic columns upon Easter Sunday, when the Great Head of the Church ministers, in person, at its High Altar—when the sides of the Tribune are built up with stagings hung with rich cloths, and filled with Princes, blazing with orders and crosses; when the columns which support the dome are hung with draperies of crimson, and the body of the vast edifice is crowded with curious thousands, peasants, citizens and strangers, who kneel before its altars, or pace its broad aisles; their various garb, contrasted with the bright spear-heads and burnished mail of the Swiss Guard; while up the long nave, between files of soldiery, the great procession of cardinals, and priests, and churchmen of all ranks, in every variety of splendid costume, sweep on with the Pope in their midst, seated upon his throne, and borne on the shoulders of twelve dignitaries robed in scarlet, the canopy above him of the richest tissue sown with stars of silver, and on either side an enormous fan of Ostrich feathers, set in gold, with the assembled thousands kneeling around; it is only under circumstances such as these, that the beholder is impressed with a full sense of the overwhelming magnificence of St. Peter's!

Not alone from its magnitude and splendor does this great Temple command admiration. Its history is full of the deepest interest. It is built upon the side of the old circus of the foulest tyrant that ever disgraced the annals of Rome! the soil in which its foundations are deeply laid, is wet with blood—the blood of the earliest martyrs—of men who amid the demoniac roar of the crowded circus, and beneath the fangs of infuriated beasts sealed with their lives, the truth of the religion of Christ. Through the long lapse of three centuries and a half,—amid the fall of Empires, the birth of dynasties, and the progress of revolutions—by the toil of successive generations—under the direction of countless Popes, and the superintending genius of the greatest architects; its giant mass rose, stone by stone, column after column, into the astonished air. The enormous expenditure which its construction involved, gave rise to the indulgences of Leo X.—at these, were leveled the thunders of Luther; and while the Sovereign Pontiff was erecting in the heart of Catholic Rome, the colossal Temple of St. Peter's, the indignant German, in the retirement of his closet, by the labor of his pen, and the omnipotence of truth, was building up in the hearts of Christendom the mightier fabric of the *Great Reformation!*

WINTER EVENING.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn

Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Cowper.

PERSEVERANCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

I REMEMBER, when quite a lad, to have heard a very good anecdote told of two old negroes who met after church one Sunday, and discussed the merits of the sermon they had just heard.

"Bill," said one of them, "how you like de sarmint?"

"O, berry well, Sam, only dar was one word I could n't understand, no how, nor nothing."

"'Deed! And what was dat?"

"Parsewerance."

"Parsewerance! Ho! I'll tell you what dat mean."

"Well? What him mean?"

"I tell you."

"Do, if you please. Dat's jis what dis child wants to know."

"Parsewerance mean,—let me see—it mean?"

"Ho! You do' no what it mean."

"Do n't I? Jist you hold on a minit. Parsewerance mean, *take hold, hold on, and nebber leave go*. Dat's what him mean."

"Sure?"

"Yes. Dis child is sure."

"Much 'bleeged to you, Sam. I understand now. Next time Hector tries to run off wid me, I'll give him a little *parsewerance*. I gess it will do."

Hundreds of times since have I thought of Sam's definition of the word perseverance, when I have seen young men giving up, and sinking down despondingly, after a few struggles with the world. Success is only obtained, in any pursuit, by perseverance; and the best definition I have yet seen of the word is, "*take hold, hold on, and never let go!*" Whoever enters upon life with this genuine kind of perseverance, will be sure of success. And he who does not possess it, will be pretty certain not to succeed.

"I have seen, in my time, a great many efforts made by poor young men, to elevate themselves above the condition of journeymen mechanics, or of clerks in stores. Only a few of these succeeded, and they had perseverance of the right sort. I will mention a single instance.

Thomas Landis and James Wilson were sons of poor mechanics, who could give them but the merest rudiments of an education. There were no public schools, at the time, in the city where they lived. At an early age they were apprenticed to the trade of cabinet making, and worked at it until they were each eighteen years of age, with no thought beyond that of being journeymen cabinet makers (it might be master workmen,) all their lives. But, about this

time, something or other awakened in the mind of each an ambition to rise into one of the professions—that of medicine.

Landis had a very quick mind. But Wilson's intellect was sluggish. The former first became dissatisfied, and imparted the contagion to his friend.

At first the best they could do was to attend private evening lectures during the winter, on anatomy and chemistry, and to study diligently during every spare moment. A young physician, with whom they were acquainted, offered them every facility his office afforded—such as books, preparations, etc. Landis advanced rapidly; but Wilson made only poor progress at first. It cost the former little effort to study—to the latter it was a hard task. Nevertheless, Wilson had perseverance, and a will not to be subdued by difficulties.

He rose in the morning an hour earlier than his fellow apprentices, to study—took but little recreation in the evening—and was frequently poring over his books long after they were sound asleep at night. When the spring opened, after the first winter's hard application, he was quite as far advanced as his friend Landis. The latter had done very well, but if he had made as good use of his time as the other, he would have done much better.

A good many difficulties and discouraging circumstances presented themselves during the second year. The master of the two lads, or young men, as they now were, objected to the course they were pursuing, on the ground that it diverted their minds from their work. Landis was fretted at this, but Wilson did not appear much troubled about it. The ardor of the former was cooled. But the latter sat up later and arose earlier, and by this means studied as many hours as before, and without attracting so much of his master's attention. This course, steadily persevered in, placed him, by the next winter in advance of Landis. In three years he graduated with much credit to himself, having, by over work, earned money enough to take two or three of the Professors' tickets each season.

In a neighboring city, Wilson now occupies a distinguished position in the medical profession. In the same city resides Landis, a *journeyman cabinet maker*. At the end of the second year he became discouraged, and gave up the study of medicine in despair. He had the ability to occupy, and should have occupied a far higher position than Wilson, but he lacked one of the cardinal virtues—*perseverance*, and was content to fill a place designed for one of humbler capacity.

But, success in life does not depend on perseverance

alone. Perseverance is a good quality when united to a sound judgment and clear perceptions. If a man do not choose wisely his course in life, his perseverance will be likely to do him more harm than good. Few, very few combine the qualities essential to

success—the ability to determine a right course, with the perseverance to walk steadily in it—and this is the reason why, out of the many who make the effort, so few attain wealth in the pursuits of business, or eminence in the professions.

THE LOST PLEIAD.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF MY FIRST-BORN.

BY T. H. CHIVERS, M. D.

“All that is left me, distant seems to be,
And all I’ve lost—my sole reality!”—GOETHE.

For thy pure body now at rest,
And not thy soul among the blest,
Although to me it was *most* dear—
Is this frail stone erected here!
For that which is in heaven on high,
Is full of immortality,
And needs no token of the grief
Which thus alone can find relief;
For by thy grave I seem to be
Again in thy sweet company,
Which love for thee has made to me
The very best society.
And while I bend me here alone,
Above this Monumental Stone,
Weeping away my heart for thee
In tears which flow continually—
Praying that I may meet thee there,
In that high world, where angels are—
If thou, from that celestial sphere,
Cans’t look upon my sorrowing here—
Even as the Moon upon the sea—
Let thy pure soul look down on me,
Untroubled in that WORLD OF BLISS,
While I am sorrowing here in this!
And pardon me that I now grieve
That thou on earth has ceased to live!

When thou wert in this world with me,
Bright angel of the HEAVENLY LANDS!
Thou wert not fed by mortal hands,
But by the NYMPHS, who gave to thee
The bread of immortality—
Such as thy spirit now doth eat
In that HIGH WORLD of endless love,
While walking with thy snowy feet
Along the sapphire-paven street,
Before the jasper walls above,
And listening to the music sweet
Of Angels in that HEAVENLY HYMN
Sung by the lips of CHERUBIM
In Paradise, before the fall—
In glory bright, outshining all

In that great CITY of pure gold
The Angels talked about of old.

Thou wert my snow-white JESSAMINE!
My little ANGEL-EGANTINE!
My saintly LILY! who didst grow
Upon thy mother’s arms of snow—
(Of whom thou wert the image true—)
Whose tears fell on thy leaves for dew—
All but those deep blue eyes of thine—
They were the miniatures of mine,
Thou blossom of that heavenly Tree
Whose boughs are barren now for thee!
The sweetest bud she ever bore!
Who art transplanted to the skies,
To blossom there forever more,
Amid the FLOWERS OF PARADISE.

Thou hast the same sweet name in heaven
That unto thee on earth was given.
I once did think it should adorn
Thy little sister to be born;
But no, it shall not be—her name
Shall be *like* thine—but *not* the same.
For then she may not have the eyes
Of my first-born now in the skies,
Whose tender limbs were white as snow—
As virgin as her soul is now—
Who came me in this world to bless
With such celestial loveliness,
That, in the light of her blue eyes,
I seemed to dwell in PARADISE,
And knew how bright the Angels were
In heaven, by gazing upon her.
For she was gentle as the flowers
Which she had gathered from the bowers,
The day before she died, for me—
Her breath as full of fragrantcy.
Much softer than the unweaned lamb
New-washed with crystal water,
Was thy pure body, now so calm,
My darling little daughter!

For thou dost sleep beneath the shade
Of four young cedars, which now spread
Their branches over thee so green—
The loveliest cedars ever seen—
Brought from the HILLS OF LEBANON,
And planted here by me, dear ONE!
At every corner of thy tomb,
To speak of me in years to come—
To say to those who pass thee by,
We are four mourners standing round
This holy, consecrated ground—
Four verdant Angels round the head
And feet of her who now is dead!
Whose soul is in the heavens on high—
With wings of evergreen outspread—
To emblem that which cannot die.

At every corner underneath,
To emblem thy more fragrant breath—
The white buds of the JESSAMINE
Now blossom round the MYRTLE VINE,
Which spreads its evergreen above,
To emblem mine eternal love—
From whose green, oval leaves, sweet thing!
Like bits of immortality
Cut from the azure heavens on high

By some great Sculptor-Angel, who
Had polished them his whole life through—
A little purple flower doth spring,
Whose tender leaves appear, from size,
As if made out of thy blue eyes—
Which sheds an Eden-like perfume
All April long upon thy tomb.

Until my death, or soon or late,
My heart shall be disconsolate!
Shall grieve for thee forever more!
Forever more still grieve for thee!
'Till we shall meet on that sweet shore
Where all our grieving shall be o'er—
In heaven above, eternally.
And 'till that hour, there shall be none
To match my love in heaven—not one!
Not even the mightiest Angel there,
Shall his great love with mine compare!
It is as deep as deep can be—
It rises from this world to thee!
Full as the ocean is of water,
Is my fond heart for thee, sweet daughter!
Sweet daughter! is my heart for thee!
Full as the ever-brimful sea—
The ever-brimful sea—with love,
Is my fond heart for thine above!

THE WAYFARER'S.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

They lingered by the way side,
Toil-worn, and tired, and sad,
A stranger's eye had dim'd to see,
The weary look they had:
The mother's face bore many a trace
Of bitter—burning tears,
And shades were on the children's brows,
Beyond their early years.

How happily beside them
Danced on the joyous rill,
Blending its song-like sweetness
With the rustling of the mill,
They never marked its murmur!
They never saw its whirl!
But with a tone of plaintive wo,
Low spake the sad-browed girl.

"How heavily, how mournfully,
The long long hours go by;
Ah! what a dreary thing it is
To have no homestead nigh:

To be so lone—so weary—
Yet have no place to rest;
To lie down in the deep, still grave,
Would surely be the best.

"Oh, such a sad—sad day, Willy,
As this has been to me,
I kept the tears down in my heart
That mother might not see;
For her lot is dark and dim enough—
Of all her joys bereft,
And she sorrows—even while we sleep,
For the dear home we have left.

"I dare not often think, Willy,
Of any thing so fair,
For it only heaps a darker tint
On what we have to bear;
So I try to turn my thoughts away
To Heaven's rest and peace,
I need the aid of holiest things
To make my heart throb cease"

THE SPHINX.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

DURING the dread reign of the Cholera in New York, I had accepted the invitation of a relative to spend a fortnight with him in the retirement of his *cottage ornée* on the banks of the Hudson. We had here around us all the ordinary means of summer amusement; and what with rambling in the woods, sketching, boating, fishing, bathing, music and books, we should have passed the time pleasantly enough, but for the fearful intelligence which reached us every morning from the populous city. Not a day elapsed which did not bring us news of the decease of some acquaintance. Then, as the fatality increased, we learned to expect daily the loss of some friend. At length we trembled at the approach of every messenger. The very air from the South seemed to us redolent with death. That palsyng thought, indeed, took entire possession of my soul. I could neither speak, think, nor dream of any thing else. My host was of a less excitable temperament, and, although greatly depressed in spirits, exerted himself to sustain my own. His richly philosophical intellect was not at any time affected by unrealities. To the substances of terror he was sufficiently alive, but of its shadows he had no apprehension.

His endeavors to arouse me from the condition of abnormal gloom into which I had fallen, were frustrated in great measure, by certain volumes which I had found in his library. These were of a character to force into germination whatever seeds of hereditary superstition lay latent in my bosom. I had been reading these books without his knowledge, and thus he was often at a loss to account for the forcible impressions which had been made upon my fancy.

A favorite topic with me was the popular belief in omens—a belief which, at this one epoch of my life, I was almost seriously disposed to defend. On this subject we had long and animated discussions—he maintaining the utter groundlessness of faith in such matters.—I contending that a popular sentiment arising with absolute spontaneity—that is to say without apparent traces of suggestion—had in itself the unmistakeable elements of truth, and was entitled to as much respect as that intuition which is the idiosyncrasy of the individual man of genius.

The fact is, that soon after my arrival at the cottage, there had occurred to myself an incident so entirely inexplicable, and which had in it so much of the portentous character, that I might well have been excused for regarding it as an omen. It appalled, and at the same time so confounded and bewildered me, that many days elapsed before I could make up my mind to communicate the circumstance to my friend.

Near the close of an exceedingly warm day, I was sitting, book in hand, at an open window, commanding, through a long vista of the river banks, a view of a

distant hill, the face of which nearest my position, had been denuded, by what is termed a land-slide, of the principal portion of its trees. My thoughts had been long wandering from the volume before me to the gloom and desolation of the neighboring city. Uplifting my eyes from the page, they fell upon the naked face of the hill, and upon an object—upon some living monster of hideous conformation, which very rapidly made its way from the summit to the bottom, disappearing finally in the dense forest below. As this creature first came in sight, I doubted my own sanity—or at least the evidence of my own eyes; and many minutes passed before I succeeded in convincing myself that I was neither mad nor in a dream. Yet when I describe the monster, (which I distinctly saw, and calmly surveyed through the whole period of its progress,) my readers, I fear, will feel more difficulty in being convinced of these points than even I did, myself.

Estimating the size of the creature by comparison with the diameter of the large trees near which it passed—the few giants of the forest which had escaped the fury of the land-slide—I concluded it to be far larger than any ship of the line in existence. I say ship of the line, because the shape of the monster suggested the idea—the hull of one of our seventy-fours might convey a very tolerable conception of the general outline. The mouth of the animal was situated at the extremity of a proboscis some sixty or seventy feet in length, and about as thick as the body of an ordinary elephant. Near the root of this trunk was an immense quantity of black shaggy hair—more than could have been supplied by the coats of a score of buffalos; and projecting from this hair downwardly and laterally, sprang two gleaming tusks not unlike those of the wild boar, but of infinitely greater dimension. Extending forward, parallel with the proboscis, and on each side of it was a gigantic staff, thirty or forty feet in length, formed seemingly of pure crystal, and in shape a perfect prism:—it reflected in the most gorgeous manner the rays of the declining sun. The trunk was fashioned like a wedge with the apex to the earth. From it there were outspread two pairs of wings—each wing nearly one hundred yards in length—one pair being placed above the other, and all thickly covered with metal scales; each scale apparently some ten or twelve feet in diameter. I observed that the upper and lower tiers of wings were connected by a strong chain. But the chief peculiarity of this horrible thing, was the representation of a *Death's Head*, which covered nearly the whole surface of its breast, and which was as accurately traced in glaring white, upon the dark ground of the body, as if it had been there carefully designed by an artist. While I regarded this terrific animal, and more especially the appearance on its breast,

with a feeling of horror and awe—with a sentiment of forthcoming evil, which I found it impossible to quell by any effort of the reason, I perceived the huge jaws at the extremity of the proboscis, suddenly expand themselves, and from them there proceeded a sound so loud and so expressive of wo, that it struck upon my nerves like a knell, and as the monster disappeared at the foot of the hill, I fell at once, fainting to the floor.

Upon recovering, my first impulse of course was to inform my friend of what I had seen and heard—and I can scarcely explain what feeling of repugnance it was, which, in the end, operated to prevent me.

At length, one evening, some three or four days after the occurrence, we were sitting together in the room which I had seen the apparition—I occupying the same seat at the same window, and he lounging on a sofa near at hand. The association of the place and time impelled me to give him an account of the phenomenon. He heard me to the end—at first laughed heartily—and then lapsed into an excessively grave demeanor, as if my insanity was a thing beyond suspicion. At this instant I again had a distinct view of the monster—to which, with a shout of absolute terror, I now directed his attention. He looked eagerly—but maintained that he saw nothing—although I designated minutely the course of the creature, as it made its way down the naked face of the hill.

I was now immeasurably alarmed, for I considered the vision either as an omen of my death, or, worse, as the fore-runner of an attack of mania. I threw myself passionately back in my chair, and for some moments buried my face in my hands. When I uncovered my eyes, the apparition was no longer apparent.

My host, however, had in some degree resumed the calmness of his demeanor, and questioned me very vigorously in respect to the conformation of the visionary creature. When I had fully satisfied him on this head, he sighed deeply, as if relieved of some intolerable burden, and went on to talk, with what I thought a cruel calmness of various points of speculative philosophy, which had heretofore formed subject of discussion between us. I remember his insisting very especially (among other things) upon the idea that a principal source of error in all human investigations, lay in the liability of the understanding to

under-rate or to over-value the importance of an object, through mere mis-admeasurement of its propinquity. "To estimate properly, for example," he said, "the influence to be exercised on mankind at large by the thorough diffusion of Democracy, the distance of the epoch at which such diffusion may possibly be accomplished, should not fail to form an item in the estimate. Yet can you tell me one writer on the subject of government, who has ever thought this particular branch of the subject worthy of discussion at all?"

He here paused for a moment, stepped to a book-case, and brought forth one of the ordinary synopses of Natural History. Requesting me then to exchange seats with him, that he might the better distinguish the fine print of the volume, he took my arm chair at the window, and, opening the book, resumed his discourse very much in the same tone as before.

"But for your exceeding minuteness," he said, "in describing the monster, I might never have had it in my power to demonstrate to you what it was. In the first place, let me read to you a school boy account of the genus *Sphinx*, of the family *Crepuscularia*, of the order *Lepidoptera*, of the class of *Insecta*—or insects. The account runs thus:

"Four membranous wings covered with little colored scales of a metallic appearance; mouth forming a rolled proboscis, produced by an elongation of the jaws, upon the sides of which are found the rudiments of mandibles and downy palpi; the inferior wings retained to the superior by a stiff hair; auteuncæ in the form of an elongated club, prismatic; abdomen pointed. The Death's-headed Sphinx has occasioned much terror among the vulgar, at times, by the melancholy kind of cry which it utters, and the insignia of death which it wears upon its corslet."

He here closed the book and leaned forward in the chair, placing himself accurately in the position which I had occupied at the moment of beholding "the monster."

"Ah, here it is!" he presently exclaimed—"it is reascending the face of the hill, and a very remarkable looking creature, I admit it to be. Still, it is by no means so large or so distant as you imagined it; for the fact is that, as it wriggles its way up this hair, which some spider has wrought along the window-sash, I find it to be about the sixteenth of an inch in its extreme length, and also about the sixteenth of an inch distant from the pupil of my eye!"

CONSOLATION.

FROM THE GERMAN OF FOUQUE.

WHEN through Life's avenue so dark and cold
Downward, and ever down, the steps are tending,
Behold,
Hope's gentle accents cheer us in descending:
"Ah, be not sad! ah, do not weep!
Ere thou lay thee down to sleep
The sleep of death,
Thou shalt feel anew Spring's kindly dew
And the May-wind's fragrant breath."

So didst thou speak, dear voice; so didst thou dream
The brightness of Life's wave hath ebb'd away!
A gleam
Of light shines feebly on my darksome way,
But 'tis across the grave so chill!
Cheat me no more—endure I will
As best I can;
Suffer and fight, and strive with might,
Even as becomes a man.

HOW MR. ABRAM ESTERLEY WAS "PUT DOWN."

BY FANNY FORRESTER.

"He shall be *put down*!" exclaimed Ada Palmer, a few months ago, stamping her little foot angrily, and tossing her queenly head, till the inward commotion was copied by a whole Niagara of black ringlets. "He is a presuming, ill-bred fellow, and he shall be put down."

It was a fearful fiat, pronounced as it was by the lips of beauty; and so awe-stricken were we all that not one ventured to remonstrate; and so we gave, by our silence, a tacit approval of her intended measures.

Every body knows what *putting down* means; except perhaps a certain meek-minded class who never had a fancy for being up. The world, like verbs, is divided into the active, passive, and neuter, and every body comes under one or the other of these heads—the putters-down, the put-down, and those who are not of sufficient consequence to clash with any interests, and keep contentedly to the niche they were born in. To the first of these classes belongs Ada Palmer, by right of birth and the inheritance of belle-hood. I have told you of Ada Palmer before—a witching creature, to whom every one pays allegiance instinctively, and who queens it over Alderbrook like a second Semiramis. I do not know that I have said any thing to you of Mr. Abram Esterley; but you must nevertheless have heard of him, for he has written a book; and, moreover, plays the German flute divinely. He is a great man, that Abram Esterley; and wonderful was the commotion at Alderbrook when he first made his appearance among us. But great men are men after all; with noses, and chins, and hands boasting the same number of fingers that other hands have; and, *sometimes*, ugly feet and limbs a-la-Pope. We promise worship in the distance, whatever features our veiled prophet may disclose; but when we behold, we quarrel with the hand which has traced no fairer things on the outer tablet, though all within be glory, than our own fronts exhibit. If every angel that walks the earth, a golden harp hidden deep in the spirit, carried its glory on the brow, and spread the now folded wings in sight of the multitude, earth would become one grand scene of idolatry; for there were angels that remained with us when we lost our Eden. I am not quite sure that young Abram Esterley would unfurl the finest pair of wings, or claim any undue share of devotion; and yet, with more follies than I should care to enumerate to-day hanging about him like cobweb-wreaths that might easily be scattered, he had a mark upon him which the God-gifted could not fail to recognize. It would have been profanity for any but Ada Palmer to attempt to put him down; but Ada Palmer was never judged like other mortals. Some of the people of Alderbrook said that Mr. Esterley was a man of genius; others, rather hesitatingly gave it as their opinion that he possessed an unusual

degree of talent; while, in less than a month, a vast majority pronounced him a fool. They were all right. Men of genius *are* fools—the "children of light"—a lack wisdom race, of a generation without guile, all truthfulness and simplicity. They are sent out to sow the world with beauty and love; and they must needs have but little earthliness about them to accomplish well their holy mission. Tact and contrivance, and the care which begins and terminates on that which pertains to the outer covering of the spirit are things of earth; and the children of light are seldom burdened with them. So God has not given these angel-ministers of his the serpent-like armor that other men have; but when they are stung to death, he takes them to his own bosom and soothes them into a beatific rest, for which those who have battled with the world a lifetime are unprepared.

Esterley was a genius—not of the highest order, and consequently he belonged to a lower order of fools—those who are determined to make themselves agreeable to the world. The inconsistency of such a course would strike at once any man of common sense; but common sense was a quality which Esterley lacked, and so he folded his wings still closer and donned the fool's-cap. When he first came to Alderbrook, he was fêted and toasted like an American Dickens. To-day he dined at Dr. Rowley's, took tea at Deacon Palmer's, and was the hero of a boat-row in the evening; the next he breakfasted with lawyer Nicholson and his pretty wife, quite *en famille*—except some twenty other invited guests; dined at the "Sheaf and Sickle," with all the nabobs of the town, and danced away more than three long hours, in the upper hall of the Candy-post, in honor of his wondrous self. Another day followed a grand pic-nic party; and the great man must recite his own verses, away in some solitary dingle, with a pair of earnest eyes playing the mischief with his thoughts the while; and then he must try the tone of his flute in the woods; and through all, listen to sweeter things than ever bless common ears. So, after a while, the Alderbrookiers succeeded in convincing their guest that he was an Apollo—for could Abram Esterley doubt an assertion which sat on every lip and shone in every eye!—and then, just at the moment when the fact was becoming indelibly impressed upon his mind, they reversed their decision and dubbed him *fool*. They were willing to embarrass and distress him with undesired honors until he acquired a taste for them, and began to appropriate them as things really worth having; and then, because, forsooth, he loved the incense, and blessed them in his heart for the bright leaf they had opened to him, they turned to *put him down*. There are a great many human lions in the world—lions with brains and lions with curls only, lions with hearts and those who have frittered away their apology for one on frivolities, lions

with heavy pockets, and lions with "light fantastic toes"—no community can exist without a lion. But listen to me, dear people of the shaggy mane, listen all, both great and small, as the New England primer would say—here is for you a homœopathic dose of worldly wisdom. Wherever you go, write DO N'T CARE on your lips and in your eyes; and make the devotion spread before you your carpet. Never look to the right nor the left to acknowledge the deference of your worshipers. If you do you are lost: their smiles will turn to mocking grimaces, and their bended knees will each sustain the bow which the next moment will aim an arrow at you. Never see them, nor care for them, (except perhaps to be silently thankful for being the worshiped rather than the worshiper,) and they will bear you cloud-ward on pillows of roses. Esterley, believing in his exceeding simplicity, that it was to honor *him* rather than to gratify a propensity that Alderbrook was turned upside down, was really grateful for the homage paid him, and exerted himself to please those who bestowed it. This was his fatal mistake.

Foolish Abram Esterley thinking that all spoken words had meaning in them, and acts of seeming frankness admitted of but one interpretation, had—*en courtois*, he had presumed to believe in the existence of truth, and act upon the belief. And who should dare say that Abram Esterley did not deserve putting down. What presumption in him to devote himself so particularly and determinedly to Ada Palmer on the evening of Sarah May's wedding, even though her mamma had invited such devotion before! and then what unheard of impertinence to insist on leading her home across Strawberry Hill in the moonlight, when the rest of the party were enjoying a grand frolic on the green velvet border of the turnpike; though, to be sure, she had often pointed that out as the most delightful ramble in the world. There were some whispers—very low ones—among the most observing of the company, that the cause of Ada's unusual annoyance might be found in the handsome face of a stranger cousin to the Mays; but, whatever the cause might be, the result was the same to the poet. This evening's misdemeanors, with sundry other things very important now—though they never had been thought of before, and it took a long time to drag them to light—were poor Esterley's offences, and for these he was to be put down. Ada Palmer had said it, and Ada Palmer was the queen *regnant* of Alderbrook. Who would dare to interfere? Indeed, a thought did enter the cranium of one individual of the feasibility of giving the victim a warning. Perhaps he might be induced to betake himself to flight; perhaps he might take measures to defeat her plans peacefully, and as though by some happy accident. But it was a delicate mission, and people are seldom thanked for such meddling doings. Esterley was a man, and ought to be able to maintain his ground.

The hills that are linked about Alderbrook, like an immense carcanet of exquisitely beautiful and ever-varying jewels, were melting in the dewiness of twilight, the valleys below all slumbering in the shadow, when Ada Palmer called to announce the arrival of a visiter in town. The sister of Jack Sullivan had just been set down at the Rowley's.

No more favorable time could be imagined for calling if we waited for dew-fall; for there was too much witchery in the dreamy evening to trust the moon alone with it, and so we sallied forth—not "guardians of the night," but the grave duennas of the lady Dian. How grave we were I shall not say now—whether we danced or walked across the fences and stiles with which the moonlight chequered and barred up our way; how long we stopped to spangle the grass with the crystals we scooped up from the brook which, tired of meandering among the sedges and alders, came to take a peep at the world on the thoroughfare of the turnpike; nor how many profound secrets were discussed between fragmentary singing and light bursts of laughter.

Jack Sullivan's sister was a bright merry-faced girl, with a mingling of mirth and mischief in her fine black eye, a nose slightly upturned, giving a dash of piquancy to the whole face, large luscious lips with flakes of snow between them, an exquisitely moulded bust, a fine figure not too *spirituelle*, and a manner pleasing, earnest, and cordial. We at once decided that the lady was a great acquisition to our little society.

"Tell me, Fanny," said Julia Sullivan, a few days after our first meeting, "tell me how it is that your friend Ada has such a pique against Mr. Esterley."

"Indeed, I scarce know myself, but I believe the fault is mostly his own. He is always saying and doing things which, if not precisely rude, approach it a little too nearly."

"Intentionally?"

"Oh, no! Mr. Esterley would go down on his knees to any body that he thought he had offended even by a look. That is one of his foibles."

"How then has he so provoked the enmity of Ada Palmer? He must have done something in particular in that case, for she does not seem ill-natured, though perhaps a little too spirited."

"Nothing in particular, but a great deal in general. The truth is, Mr. Esterley has no tact—no sense of propriety, I was about to say, but I will not; though certainly he does not always display the wisdom that a man of genius should—"

"But he is bright and honorable?"

"Undoubtedly."

"And possessed of talent?"

"No one questions that."

"He is not heartless?"

"On the contrary he is as sensitive as a little child, and full of kindness and affection for every body—Ada Palmer particularly."

"Aha! is that it? Put *him* down, will she?" and Julia Sullivan raised a ringing hearty laugh which would have quite provoked Ada to hear. "And how stands the lady's affections?" she finally inquired, musingly.

"Why, as to that, Ada Palmer should scarce be judged by the same rule as the rest of us, but she received his attentions very graciously at first."

"He made them too cheap, eh?"

"Possibly."

"Is Ada Palmer malicious?"

"Oh, no!"

"A little mischievous, then?"

"Perhaps—a very little—but, if so, it is an innocent kind of mischief."

"Do you think she will really accomplish her design, and 'put him down'?"

"Unless some one is kind enough to advise him to go away," I answered, looking a little hopefully at Julia Sullivan.

"A very cowardly piece of advice that would be; I hope he will stay. This promises us a little sport—villages are apt to become dull without something of the kind. But you have really no doubt of Ada Palmer's ability to accomplish what she has promised?"

"None at all, unless sharper wits oppose her than Abram Esterley's—she is all-powerful with us."

"So," said Julia Sullivan, with unusual soberness and severity, "from a foolish whim of hers, a young girl deliberately sets about the ruin of a man of talents and worth, (for this might prove a thing from which Esterley would never recover,) and yet you acquit her of malice."

"I am not sure that Ada would acknowledge all that I have in Esterley's favor; for her judgment is so much warped that she might call him both silly and heartless. His attempts to please her have betrayed him into a great many extravagancies in conversation, and a few in conduct, which certainly have not tended to raise him in her esteem. I will readily acknowledge that Ada's revenge is foolish, but I do not like to think it wicked."

"We will take care that no great harm comes from it; and, in the meantime, Fanny dear, look out for plenty of amusement."

"A week passed, and there was scarce a fireside at Alderbrook which was not made merry by some ludicrous anecdote of Mr. Esterley. Nothing was said to impeach his morals or to detract from his intellect, but there were sneers a-plenty, and ominous smiles; and poor Esterley was rapidly sinking under this newly-acquired weight of contempt. He tried to meet it frankly and honestly, but he was too simple-hearted, and only plunged himself into new difficulties. If such was the fun that Julia Sullivan liked she had plenty of it. But in reality she seemed to have quite forgotten her anticipated amusement. Perhaps it required the week to make the acquaintance of Mr. Esterley; for, during that time, she did not seem to know him at all, but was apparently made most happy by her own popularity as a stranger, an heiress, and a belle. At the end of the week, however, when the tide of public favors had so far ebbed from the young poet as to leave him fairly stranded, the gay lady came to the rescue. She laughed when she heard anecdotes of him; said such was always the way in a village society; and maintained that it was a great pity Mr. Esterley should bury himself at Alderbrook, where he could be no better appreciated. It was very daring of Miss Sullivan to make such speeches, if not a little impertinent; but she was an heiress, and a belle, and moreover exceedingly good natured, and so we forgave her. Besides this, wherever Julia Sullivan went, there was Esterley sure to be. She danced with him, waltzed with him, rode with him, walked with him; and, if Ada Palmer's judgment in such matters may

be esteemed infallible, flirted with him most desperately. Ada said that her conduct was shameful; and "shameful!" echoed—one or two. The new belle had stolen from Ada the hearts of her subjects. And Mr. Esterley, unsuspecting innocent! was apparently happy, while Julia Sullivan seemed to glory in her power over him. Ada Palmer had reason to feel mortified, for it was evident that her putting-down plan could not succeed just at present, but she had scarce reason to take it quite so much to heart. If Abram Esterley were really so contemptible as she had represented him, the heartlessness of Julia Sullivan need in no wise disturb her. Supposing the gay lady did flirt—what harm? It was a very naughty thing of her, to be sure, but then she was probably sent as a scourge, and Esterley of course deserved no sympathy. Why should Ada Palmer look so troubled and annoyed?

Among other gaieties which sprang up beneath the tread of Julia Sullivan, was a party given by Mrs. Rowley in honor of her guest. Never had the handsome rooms of the doctor's lady glittered with so much brilliancy and beauty. There were not many jewels among the bright curls which nodded there, but there were eyes which sparkled more than jewels; and smiles wreathing lips as beautiful as the half-opened flowers which Mrs. Rowley had thrown about in such tasteful profusion. Rare young creatures; timid and graceful, and happy as bevy of gay birds in the spring time, flitted about in the soft light, stepping with their light feet the echo to music, which we, at least, thought almost divine. How handsome was every body, and how pleased and self-satisfied every body looked, and, of course, felt; for nobody there knew that *feigning* was one of the first lessons fashion teaches. If they had, I doubt not it would have been learned; for though dame Fashion furnishes spleen with an excellent safety valve, and eloquence with an exhaustless theme; we are quite as ready to fling ourselves beneath her car, if we but knew the way, at Alderbrook as elsewhere. Before nine o'clock the company had all assembled—all but one, *the* one. Even when Julia Sullivan was present we could not spare bright Ada Palmer. She was missed every where and by every body—our little brilliant queen of fairies! It was half-past nine, and a second buzz of wonder was passing around the room; and even the rival belle, charming Julia Sullivan, was just expressing her disappointment most earnestly, when in glided the most beautiful vision which has shone upon Alderbrook for many a day. "She wore a wreath of roses," our radiant young Venus, the night flowers nestling in her midnight tresses as lovingly as little birds preferring these to heaven. Her eye had never seemed half so brilliant—dark well of half-awakened mischief though it ever was—for now there was a thought of some kind dancing in it, which kept the long silken fringes in a tremor of gay agitation; and the same thought, of whatever nature it might be, glowed in the bright cheek, and crept onward to the lip, where it scarce appeared so beautiful as looking out from the orbs above. Lips that tell any thing tell all, and Ada Palmer's spoke far more plainly than her eyes that night. The smiles that usually dimpled the mouth

were there, but they lacked the inspiration, without which smiles are nothing more than movements of automata—the little muscle-pullers dwelling in the head instead of the heart. A look of determination scarce natural, was perched on the crimson lip, and the superb head balanced itself upon the proudly arched neck with even a little more queenliness than usual. Her dress, of the hue of a pink-lipped seashell, looped coquettishly with ribbands, floated about her like a rose-tinged cloud in the first sun-flush of morning; and, beneath it, her little satin-slipped feet

"Like little mice stole in and out
As if they feared the light."

A buzz of admiration passed around, to which I am very confident Abram Esterley added his moiety from out the curtained recess at the extremity of the room; for Esterley was a poet, and poets have an intuitive knowledge of the presence of beauty, even with their eyes closed. Gracefully glided the lovely vision about the room, eyes following her and smiles greeting her every where; and the flush deepened on the gay maiden's cheek, and the tremor beneath her boddice increased; for she had come out that night with a purpose, and this universal admiration was an earnest of its accomplishment. As for Julia Sullivan she seemed not one whit disconcerted by the appearance of her formidable rival. She even linked arms with her and took a turn or two through the rooms, as though not at all conscious of the comparisons every body was instituting at her expense. The subject of conversation, however, between the two belles, could not have been the most agreeable; for there was a roguish sparkle in the eye of Julia Sullivan, and an increase of determination on the proud lips of Ada, accompanied by a look of fast increasing vexation.

"I think he will go away," I overheard Julia observe, in passing, with an air full of innocence. "He is a poet, and there is nothing to interest him here."

Ada buried a little pearl in her red lip, and left even more spirit on it than before. Soon after, she dropped the arm of Julia Sullivan. Why did Ada Palmer hover so about that curtained recess, flitting like a gay bird from one person to another, but always returning?

"I will teach Miss Julia Sullivan a lesson this evening," she whispered me.

"And receive more than an equivalent, I suspect, bright Ada," I longed to reply, as I caught a glimpse of Julia's laughing face the other side of the room.

What a perverse simpleton Abram Esterley was, to bore himself and the gay girls who could not for the life of them listen quite complacently to his wisdom, when such good fortune was beckoning him through the opening in the looped-up curtains. Was he in Julia Sullivan's plot, and playing his own part as she directed? No, the bare suspicion is a wrong to the simple hearted Esterley. He had bent his knee in worship to Ada Palmer, and though her con-

tempt had fallen on him with a withering influence, he would have scorned to win her back by any other art than love. So, though his eye followed her every movement, he did not dream, in his humble simplicity, that one of them was made for him. At last their eyes, which had till now seemed to avoid each other, met; and Ada must have read something new in the earnest orbs of the poet, for a change came over her. Her lids drooped, at first, over their dark treasures, as they would have said, "forgive me;" then they lighted up again radiantly, but not with the lightning flashes which they had just been scattering about, and blushing with confusion, Ada bowed and smiled. The heart had come back to her lip again. That was not a smile manufactured for the occasion; and I am positive that no thought of Julia Sullivan or triumph, or any thing but a feeling which the lip would in no other way dare express, mingled with it. Ah! Ada! how had that naughty heart of thine deceived thee! The smile fell upon Esterley like a gush of sunlight through the bars of a dungeon; and, in a moment, he was by her side. They walked at first, both in exceeding embarrassment, and then they danced and partially recovered from it, and then—The garden was full of flowers, and there was a magnificent moon looking down upon it. What more charming plan could be found, since Ada had recovered again the heart to the most bewitching smile that ever wreathed human lip, and Esterley was a poet. The flowers and the moonlight, (it could not have been the tones of Esterley—certainly not—low and soft, and thrilling as they were,) had a strange influence over Ada Palmer that evening, for when she returned again to the gay company, she was completely metamorphosed. The light was still in her eye—a love-light;—the smile on her lip—a holy soul-full smile which never rested there before; and the crimson of her cheek flickered and faded and brightened again, with a new and strange timidity. She had entered that room radiant and exulting—careless, and selfish, and almost heartless; she left it meek and gentle, with but one feeling swelling at her heart, and that all for another. Thank God for the power of loving!—the wild human heart is scarce tamed without it. Every body observed the change in Ada, but every body did not know its cause, though Julia Sullivan, as she was taking her leave, glided to my side and whispered, "Look at her—dear Ada! I feared she was not worthy of him—blessings on her sweet loving heart!"

Such times as we are to have in Alderbrook (*entre nous*) to-morrow evening, dear reader! Such ransacking of shops for French slippers and white kid gloves, and such discussions about flowers, and laces, and ribbands, and fans, as we have! You would think queen Victoria had come over to dine with brother Jonathan, and the receiving committee resided at Alderbrook. But it is something more important than that; and the eyes of Julia Sullivan are swimming in sympathetic happiness, even while she privately laughs over her grand *coup de main*. I wonder if any body has thought what a poet can do with a fortune? I am sure Abram Esterley has not.

THE BROKEN HEART.

BY KATE CLEVELAND.

Poor broken heart! so crushed and helpless lying;
I knew thee in thy fresh and early youth,
When all the sweet, young hopes now dead, or dying,
Sprang into life with beauty, trust and truth—
How strong and vigorous then thy pulses beating,—
What ardent, eager life leaped through thy veins!
Then Love and Hope, two mighty currents meeting,
With glowing waves gave each a silent greeting,
And rolled together through Life's arid plains,—
Poor Broken Heart!

Truth, Trust and Tenderness! the fairest features,
Stamped by Humanity upon thy face;—
Strong love for God, and God's unfaithful creatures—
All kindly feelings for thy fallen race,—
These marked thine early years—young years of gladness!
When thou wert spotless as the newborn light,
Ere crossed thy threshold, gloom or grief, or sadness,
Or woes that drove thee to the verge of madness,
Enshrouding thee in darkness thick as night,—
Oh, Broken Heart!

Ah! *once* what dreams of life stole gently o'er thee,
How didst thou quench thy thirst at each bright stream,
Each well of joy that opened up before thee
Its sparkling waters in Life's morning beam:
Then angels came with peaceful ministration,—
With softest solace for each passing sigh;
And God's sublime, and glorious, wide creation!
Claimed all the incense of each sweet oblation,
For lessons taught, which but with thee can die,—
Poor Hopeless Heart.

How didst thou tremble, when Love, like a river,
First overwhelmed thee in its waters deep;
Oh! had the waves but calmly flowed forever,
I should not now thy hapless shipwreck weep;
But dark suspicions, doubts, like storms, assailed thee,
And thou wert driven from thy peaceful shore,
When all of Hope, of Earth, of Heaven, failed thee,
Then those who scorned, in piteous tones bewailed thee,
For they might mar thy rest nor beauty more,
Poor Broken Heart!

How wert thou stricken, when Death's icy finger
Pressed down the long-fringed lids of sweet young eyes,
Which seemed with fond and earnest looks to linger
On those best-loved beneath the bending skies.
Didst thou not strive, with passionate caresses,
To hold these frail ones in their beauty here?
But they, with dewy lips and golden tresses,
Returned to Earth, who now their slumber blesses
With daylight's rosy beam and evening's tear,
Oh, Broken Heart!

Poor stricken heart! now softly, faintly throbbing,
No hand can string anew thy broken chords,
No voice may still thy languid, feeble sobbing,
Or sooth thy weary hours with gentle words!
'Tis death in life! a palsy rests forever
On all thy hopes—they bowed beneath the spell
As early blossoms which the north-winds sever,—
Then give to joy, to strength, to all endeavor
A lasting, hopeless, long and wild farewell!—
Poor Broken Heart!

THE FADING LEAVES.

BY MARY HEMPLE.

A young child stood in a shadowy wood,
And her eyes were dim with tears,
And a shade was resting sadly there,
Too deep for her tender years:
Yet she knew not why—she knew not why,
For her heart like a happy bird,
Came quickly—joyously leaping up,
Whenever the boughs were stir'd.

The sky was clear, but the leaves were sere,
And the young child watched them fall,
And she saw how the tallest, proudest trees,
Were stripped the first of all:
Then, with lips apart, to her own pure heart,
She said what their fading taught,

2*

For even the leaves in the silent woods,
Are all with lessons fraught.
"I am fair and young—I am gay and strong,
But so was this noble tree,
Yet the breath of winter has withered that,
And winter may come to me:
But my Father, who gave to the tree its bloom,
And covers the daisied sod;
Will bring back spring—for them—for me,
If I love and worship God."

Oh! even a child may read aright
The pages open'd there;
For the spirit of love—that dwells in light,
Is reigning everywhere.

PRETENSION;
OR, THE DISCOMFITED LOVER

BY MISS ELIZA A. DUPUY.

Dandy.—Six feet of inanity enveloped in cloth.

BULWER.

MISS SALLY MARY BOGGS had just completed her twentieth year. She was a young lady of great pretensions. In the first place, she was the only child of a gentleman (by courtesy) who was the owner of two plantations, and a *quantum suff.* of ebony bodies to perform all necessary labor on them to make them as profitable as possible. In the second place, she was (according to her own opinion) agreeable to look on, as she rejoiced in that most indefinable of all phrases, "a fine looking woman." If fine looking meant well grown, Miss Boggs was certainly a fine specimen of her sex; for she stood six feet two, and was large in proportion. Her complexion had originally been fair, though the pitiless sun had kissed it all too rudely, leaving, as marks of his tender regard, freckles "thick as leaves on Valambrosa's plain," and very plain they conspired to make Miss Sally Mary. Her eyes, "those suns of love and light," were neither the glorious blue, the radiant black, nor yet the pensive grey;—they were of a non-descript color, wavering between a sea-green, and a tea color;—yet, spite of their watery lustre, there was some fire about them, for the lashes that shaded them, and the hair that swept in radiant curls over her youthful cheeks, were of a bright red. Her mouth was well enough, and if kind and gentle words had there made their abiding place, it might even have been called pretty; for the lips were pouting and rosy, and, when parted, displayed a set of even and pearly looking teeth.

Having described my heroine, it is necessary to give some account of her origin. Mr. Joseph Boggs had been one of the earliest settlers of the South-West, and though a man of limited intellect, and no education, nature had gifted him with an intuitive knowledge of simple and compound interest, which he so sedulously used for his own behoof, that at the age of fifty, had he been acquainted with the art of caligraphy, he might have written himself worth a clear two hundred thousand—but, alas! the extent of his literary acquirements did not reach beyond spelling out an occasional paragraph in a newspaper, or, more puzzling still, finding out what certain mysterious characters meant, which came to him in the shape of bills for his daughter's expenses while at school.

In this employment, he, unfortunately, could gain but little assistance from his better-half, as she was even more ignorant of all "book learning," as she called it, than her husband. She was a quiet, metho-

dical woman—a thrifty housewife, and seemed contented to endure any privation to secure to her daughter the enjoyment of great wealth, and perfect idleness—the latter, in her estimation, being an essential qualification of a lady. She had never been known to depart from her selfish views in but one instance—that was in the adoption of an orphan child, the daughter of the gentleman who had formerly owned the place on which they lived. The parents of the little Euphemia Gordon had died within a few hours of each other, leaving their estate so deeply involved in debt, that their orphan was left destitute. Mr. Boggs purchased the property at half its value, and, seized with a sudden fit of generosity, proposed to his wife to adopt the child as a companion for their own daughter. Mrs. Boggs assented, and Euphemia was reared in the home of her father as a dependant on the bounty of strangers.

Euphemia, or, as she was familiarly designated, Mimi Gordon, grew up a lively, *piquant* brunette. She had sufficiently profited by the advantages which she shared with Miss Boggs, in the early part of her life, to become an intelligent and agreeable companion. At the age of fifteen the heiress was despatched to a northern city, to receive two years polishing, while the dependant child was kept under the eye of Mrs. Boggs, to be instructed in the mysteries of sewing, that she might lessen her own labors in that department.

Miss Boggs returned home loaded with accomplishments and finery. She could speak a little execrable French, murder time, and belabor an unfortunate piano with hands that were far from being fairy-like. She sung too! oh ye gods! in the Italian style! That is, three words screamed out at the utmost pitch of a voice, not remarkable for sweetness, with as many trills, quavers, and demisemiquavers as could be conveniently crowded into them, and three more, uttered in such a dying cadence, that one was uncomfortably reminded of suffocation, difficulty of breathing. &c.

She danced also, and it was universally admitted by the most envious, that her gallopade was perfection, and her waltzing quite *comme il faut*. She also painted landscapes, with skies of the deepest blue, and water of the true sea-green, not to mention flowers of brighter hues than ever bloomed on earth.

With all these claims, Miss Boggs was much

astonished that the wood-notes wild of little Mimi, and her light skipping steps, were not utterly eclipsed by the superior grandeur of her own style. Such, however, was not the case. Mimi had beauty and sprightliness, and though dependant, those who lived near had not forgotten that her parents moved in a sphere far superior to that to which her benefactors could have aspired, before the magic of wealth smoothed the way to a more elevated position.

On her return from boarding-school, Miss Sally Mary determined on being a belle, and, spite of the rival attractions of Mimi, she flattered herself that she had succeeded. Many aspired to be the owner of the fair lands which were to be her dower, nothing daunted by the tall encumbrance appended thereto.

Among these suitors, the most earnest in his devotions, was a young gentleman who wrote on large square pieces of pasteboard, with a broad gilt band around the edge, and a corpulent cupid presiding over an altar, on which a skewered heart was cooking, the grandiloquent appellation of Clarence Hervey Fitzlillian, Esq. He was a young gentleman of undoubted pretensions, and as such was received by Miss Sally Mary Boggs.

It is said that all persons admire that which is most opposite to themselves. This, in the present instance, was undoubtedly true, for Mr. Fitzlillian, in his highest heeled boots, and tallest hat, could scarce reach the shoulder of his fair innamorato; but, like Sampson of old, his chief strength lay in his unshorn locks. He wore his hair, which was of a pale drab color, parted in two perpendicular lines, that fell in thick masses on either cheek, where it met a fringe which encircled the whole of a thin pale face, that peered forth as if dismayed at the formidable array around it. His manners were *sui generis*—he picked his teeth, trimmed his nails, and thrust his feet in every one's way, for the purpose of showing how perfectly easy his manners were, and informed his acquaintances of the fact that he had only associated with the best company in his fathers house. Mr. Fitzlillian boasted of the antiquity of his family, and there was no doubt in the minds of those who knew him well, that he was a lenial descendant of those who worshiped the golden calf in days of yore, for the same veneration for the precious metals was one of the most remarkable developments in his character.

"Lawyers are the aristocracy of America." So says Captain Marryatt; so thought Mr. Fitzlillian, and no sooner had he made selection of a "location" wherein to show forth the powers of his lucid intellect, than he began to look around among the young ladies of the vicinity, to see who was most worthy of the honor of his attentions. Charms, mental or personal, were secondary considerations. Pounds, shillings, and pence, were with him fit substitutes for mind, heart, and loveliness, therefore had he selected Miss Sally Mary Boggs as the one who was to be honored by sharing with him his magnificent and high-sounding name.

The most formidable rival to the pretensions of Mr. Fitzlillian, was a young planter whose possessions joined those of Mr. Boggs. Eugene Berville was a fine specimen of a young southerner. He

was eminently handsome, and possessed feelings high-toned almost to chivalry, while the ease and frankness which distinguished his manners, was well calculated to win his way among all classes. He was a frequent visiter at the house of Mr. Boggs, and the heiress, without scruple, appropriated his visits to herself. She had looked around the circle of her admirers, and, after some consideration, determined that, as Berville was the best match among them, he was most worthy to obtain the boon of herself and acres. Though he had never breathed love's name, both herself and her worthy parents considered the affair as settled, for if he did not seek her, why did he come so often, and linger so long? They did not once dream that the humble dependant, to whom they were so condescendingly patronising, was the attraction which drew the wealthy Berville thither.

The first time such a suspicion entered the mind of Miss Boggs, was one bright evening in autumn, when the two girls were sitting together in their own room. Mimi was employed at her needle—beguiling the time by warbling a lively French song, with an airiness and grace peculiarly her own. Miss Sally Mary was leaning on a table, looking listlessly through the window. She yawned several times, and turning to her companion, said—

"Mimi, what makes you always so merry, while I am tired to death?"

"I do not know, without it is that I am always employed, while you have nothing to do," replied Mimi, catching the refrain of her song as she stopped speaking.

"Who taught you that pretty song?"

A vivid blush mantled the cheek of Mimi as she answered,

"Only Mr. Berville. He says it is an old song his mother used to sing to him when a child."

"What nonsense!" ejaculated the fair Boggs. "I would not sing words I did not understand."

"But I do understand them; and she warbled the concluding line of each stanza, with an arch meaning, that only incensed her listener—" *Je vous aime de tout mon cœur.*"

"And I suppose," said the heiress, bitterly, "because the song says so, you think that he who taught it to you really loves you with all his heart. Pshaw! what folly and presumption!"

The rose faded from the cheeks of Mimi Gordon, as she answered, in an altered tone, "It would be folly, indeed, to dream of such an impossibility. No, Sally Mary, I am not your rival with Mr. Berville."

"My rival!" repeated Miss Boggs, with a toss of her head, "no, I should think not."

Tears sprang to the eyes of Mimi, and she bent over her work to conceal them. It was not the first time she had been thus taunted, but she had learned to suppress all outward show of feeling—to endure in silence the petty meanness of which she was often the victim.

That evening the two gentlemen spent at Boggs' Hall. Mimi was still busy at her task,—Miss Sally Mary had determined on watching the deportment of Berville toward her, that she might decide what were his real sentiments.

In the meantime Mr. Fitzlillian was making the

agreeable with all his might, and his spirit waxed glad within him, as he flattered himself that he was too fascinating to be resisted. Miss Sally Mary Boggs understood the feminine tact of smiling on the one she cared little for, to arouse the dormant jealousy of him she really preferred; but all her artifices were lost on Berville. He sat beside the work-stand at which Mimi was employed, watching her slender and graceful fingers as she arranged her work. At length his eye dwelt on her face with an earnestness that made the blood leap to her cheek, as she accidentally looked up.

"Excuse me," said he, "I was just thinking that you look pale and ill; but now you are no longer so. Do put aside that piece of work, and let us enjoy what the poet calls 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'"

"Fortunately, I have just finished, and can obey you, but a flow of tears would be the most natural expression of my feelings just now."

She arose as she spoke, and put her work away. Berville's eyes followed her light form, as she flitted across the room, and a fiery flush crossed his cheek as he glanced around at the rest of the party.

"I am glad you have stopped sewing, Miss Mimy," said the accomplished Fitzlillian. "I think it is decidedly vulgar to sew. No lady can sew without destroying the symmetry of the first finger of the left hand, by leaving an unseemly mark on the rosy tip," glancing, as he spoke, at the large white hand of Miss Boggs, who wore gloves when no company was present, and was guiltless of the vulgarity of ever doing any thing useful.

"Vulgar!" repeated Berville, with an air of scornful pride. "You think it vulgar! Fortunately for our country, sir, and the honor of human nature, all persons do not aim at the superlative refinement of Mr. Fitzlillian. For myself, I consider it as much an honor, for a woman to excel in needle-work as to a scholar to excel in the classics."

"Upon my word, I had no idea you were such an advocate for industry, Mr. Berville," said Miss Boggs, with an affected laugh. "For myself, I must confess I know how to do nothing but play, and draw, and paint. It is well enough for persons who have not the means to pay for having such things done, to learn how to do them, but as that is not my case, nor ever will be, I do not see the use of troubling myself about it."

Berville bowed, but made no answer.

"Apropos of playing, Miss Sarah Mary," said Fitzlillian, (who abhorred the name of Sally,) "will you give us some music? Your style of singing is so inimitable, Madame Carydory herself can hardly equal you."

Miss Boggs suffered herself to be led to the piano, and, after the compliment she had just received, she excelled her usual absurdity. Song after song was called for by Mr. Fitzlillian, who hung over her enamored, and for the time she forgot Mimi Gordon, and all fears of rivalry, in her pleasure at being compared with that exquisite *cantatrice*, Madame Caradori Allen, even by Mr. Fitzlillian, who could not for his life have discovered the difference between Auld Lang Syne and the Hunter's Chorus.

Berville and Mimi stood at an open window, a few

steps from the piano. A rose-bush grew in wild luxuriance near it, and a bright southern moon was shining on the delicate leaves of the few lingering flowers, giving them a beauty brighter than that imparted by the garish day. Mimi leaned over, and plucked a half-blown rose, which Berville took from her hand. He gazed an instant on the sweet profile turned toward him, and asked a very simple question,

"Do you know the language of flowers?"

Mimi blushed. "Yes—no—that is—I mean yes—certainly. You should have known, long ere this, that I am an adept in it, as Flora's dictionary can witness. Do you forget how you laughed at my enthusiasm about some of the poetic illustrations?"

"Did I laugh? I am sure I was not serious. Will you accept this rose from me, and this slip of cedar, Mimi, and put Flora's interpretation on them?"

"For—for Miss Boggs?" said she, hesitatingly, and with some effort.

"No—not for Miss Boggs,—for a fairer, and far dearer one—yourself."

When Miss Boggs arose from the piano, she was surprised to find herself alone with Mr. Fitzlillian. Berville and Mimi were promenading the gallery, absorbed in a very interesting conversation. She instantly proposed joining them, but, inspired by the beauty of the evening, the music, and the encouragement of his lady love, Mr. Fitzlillian availed himself of the opportunity, to make his declaration in the most approved style—hearts and darts, despair and bliss, being the theme of his eloquence. In listening to such agreeable sounds, Miss Boggs almost forgot her rage against Mimi. While Mr. Fitzlillian was speaking, she revolved in her own mind the possibility that Berville had offered himself to Mimi, and to secure herself from the mortification of having been tacitly rejected by him, she resolved to give Mr. Fitzlillian sufficient encouragement to hope for final success.

He departed in high spirits. Berville had left while he was pouring forth his protestations of devotion, and, in a towering passion with Mimi, the stately heiress sought the chamber which they occupied. As she entered, Mimi was in the act of pressing her rose between the leaves of a large book.

"Why are you so precious of that rose, Miss Gordon?" said Sally Mary, reaching her hand toward it. "I suppose it was a present from Mr. Berville. I would not wonder if you were to make love to him, after your conduct this evening. I shall inform ma, you may be certain, of your proceedings."

"Oh, Mary, you know that Mr. Berville asked me to walk on the gallery with him, or I should not have gone."

"No, I do not know any such thing—your assertion would not make me believe that he did. You said, this morning, that you were not my rival, and this evening you have done every thing in your power to attract Eugene Berville. But I beg to tell you that you are perfectly welcome to your conquest, for I care nothing for him, and have this night

partly consented to marry one with whom he is not to be compared."

"No, indeed!" burst involuntarily from the lips of Mimi. "No more than yon glorious sky, with its millions of sparkling gems, is to be compared to the sordid earth it o'erarches. Mary, you cannot be in earnest?"

"In earnest! surely. Do you suppose every one so blinded by the superlative accomplishments of Mr. Berville, that they have no power to see the merits of others?"

The absurdity of this speech overpowered Mimi's gravity, and she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Infuriated by this, Miss Boggs snatched the rose, and tearing it into fragments, trampled them under her feet.

Mimi was instantly sobered.

"I had far rather you had destroyed the most valuable possession I have, than this simple rose," said she. "However, it is of little consequence. Memory does not depend on its preservation."

"And your possessions are not so valuable as to be worth destroying, I fancy, unless you reckon among them Mr. Berville's wealth. A pretty match, truly, he will make! in seeking my mother's sempstress as his wife."

Mimi's lip quivered at the coarse insult. In an instant she commanded herself, and calmly replied—

"My father and Mr. Berville's were friends of lang syne—both were born in the same sphere of life; therefore, the son considers it no degradation to seek one, who, in poverty, has done nothing to sully the respectability of her birth. I *do* reckon among the most valuable of my possessions, the love of such a man as Eugene Berville."

"You acknowledge it, then! You have infamously endeavored to supplant me in the affections of the man you knew my parents intended for me. If my mother has one grain of feeling for me, she will turn you out of her house, you ungrateful creature."

Miss Boggs had wrought herself up to such a pitch of rage, that she cared not what she said. Wearied and insulted, Mimi at length left the room, and retired to another.

The anger of Sally Mary waxed hotter and hotter, and morning found her a perfect Vesuvius. Her mother was as much enraged at her report as herself, and it was decided between them, that the only course to mark to the world their abhorrence of Mimi's treachery, was to tell her she might find another home as soon as possible. But when Mr. Boggs was called in to participate in the consultation, though as angry and disappointed as either of them, he had more knowledge of the world, and at once put a negative on their proposed measures.

"If Berville loves her," said he, "he will marry her immediately, and we should gain a powerful enemy in him, which, for reasons of my own, I wish to avoid. All we can do, he won't come back to Sal, so where's the use of making people talk? If we did this, they would say that he had jilted her for this pretty doll we were fools enough to bring up for a rival for our own girl."

"Indeed, they would find themselves mistaken there," said Sally Mary, scornfully, "for I had half

promised to marry Mr. Fitzlillian before I knew this, and now I'm resolved on it."

"Wh—wh—what," stammered the old man, nearly speechless with rage. "Mar—mar—marry who, girl? That ugly, tallow-faced. Jack-dandy—that—that whipper-snapper; who does n't know how to do an airthly thing but twist his whiskers! See you hanged first!"

"Marry that poor miserable notomy!" ejaculated the horror-stricken mother.

"Anatomy, indeed! He is not so tall as Mr. Berville, but to my eye he is just as good looking; and his whiskers are magnificent. Yes—I *am* going to marry him, and that before very long. Nobody shall say that Mimi Gordon took my lover from me, and I could n't get another. The day that sees her the wife of Berville, makes me that of Fitzlillian."

"I'll—I'll disinherit you—I'll leave you without a penny, you ungrateful baggage. That white-faced puppy shall never have an acre of mine."

"Indeed, pa, you'll do no such thing:—you know that you have spent your life toiling, that you might make a lady of me, and you are not going to give your money to any body but your own child, let me do as I will."

Mr. Boggs felt the truth of her remark, but he departed, vowing he would never forgive her if she persisted in marrying Fitzlillian. This opposition rather stimulated Miss Boggs to persevere; it gave Mr. Fitzlillian a consequence, which, in her eyes, he had never before possessed. It was so romantic—she hoped her pa might lock her up, that she might escape through the window to her beloved Fitzlillian.

The two gentlemen called on Mr. Boggs in the course of the day, to make known their several pretensions. Berville was met with pretended frankness, and an apparently cordial consent to his union with Mimi was given; but poor Fitzlillian, to his dismay, received a positive, and not very courteous refusal.

As he was departing, he was a little consoled, by receiving a slip of paper, on which was written—"Do not despair—my father may be won over—make another effort—S. M. B." He pressed the scroll to his blue lips, and placing one hand on his heart, kissed the other to the window of an upper room, at which stood the fair Sally Mary herself, trying to look sentimentally distressed.

In pursuance of her advice, Mr. Fitzlillian returned home, and indited an epistle to the obdurate Boggs, in which he set forth his pretensions in the most high-sounding words he could command. In an unlucky hour he wrote to him, "That, as a personal interview had been productive of unpleasant feelings on both sides, he thought matters might be better adjusted by an *epistolary* correspondence."

Our fate often hangs upon a word, and a most ominous word was epistolary to our unlucky correspondent. The letter was duly despatched, and found the worthy Boggs in a perfect fever of wrath, occasioned by an interview with his contumacious daughter, which had ended in his ordering her to her room. Contrary to the ordinary course of nature, the fever came first and the chill afterwards. We have before adverted to the worthy gentleman's defi

ciency in the elements of education. After an hour spent in spelling out the high-sounding paragraphs of Mr. Fitzlillian, who would have torn his ample locks from their abiding place, had he heard his touching appeal mangled, and its meaning perverted by the puzzled father. Mr. Boggs sat perfectly aghast! He had arrived at the word *epistolary*, and that was translated by him into *pistols*! Seized with a shivering fit at such unparalleled audacity, he called to his wife.

"Wife—I say, old woman, come here, and see what a pass I've come to. That fellow Fitzlillian wants to shoot me, because I won't let him have our girl for his wife."

"La! you do n't say so, old man?" said the good woman, raising her hands and eyes at the enormity of such conduct. "Well, I declare!—who would ha' thought it? Such a good for nothing looking man to want to fight!"

"Well, but what must I do? I do n't know any thing about fire-arms, and I sha' n't set myself as a mark for every young fellow to fire at, who takes it in his head to fall in love with my daughter."

"No," said Mrs. Boggs, sagely shaking her head, "that would be unconscionable to ask; but I'll tell you what I'd do. This Fitzlillian looks as if he was n't used to such things hisself, so you see, if you'll take a good oak sapling in your hand, and go quite blustering-like, and ask him what he means, I'll bet you my new gown he'll be tamed in a minute, and ask your pardon."

After some consideration, Mr. Boggs concluded to take this advice, and ordering his horse, he prepared to ride over to the neighboring town, where Mr. Fitzlillian kept his office.

The young lawyer was lounging near the door, with several companions, as the incensed Boggs rode up.

"There comes father-in-law, Fitz," said one of them, using the *soubriquet* usually applied to Mr. Boggs by Fitzlillian himself. "We had better go in the back room, and leave you to settle matters by yourselves. Remember to invite me to the wedding."

They made their exit at one door, while Mr. Boggs entered at the other. Fitzlillian arose to receive him, but, without deigning to notice the bows and flourishes of the latter, the old man exclaimed in a voice of thunder, while he struck his enormous stick emphatically on the floor—

"Hillo, you young popinjay, what do you mean by sending me this bit of paper about fighting you wi' a pistol? heh?"

"Fighting, my dear sir!" stammered Fitzlillian, each hair rising as with a separate instinct of horror, "you *must* be mistaken. I never in the whole course of my life fired a pistol, therefore I could not wish to fight so respectable a gentleman as yourself."

"There it is, any how, in your own hand," said Boggs, holding up to the bewildered Fitzlillian his own eloquent appeal.

"Fighting!—pistols! That letter, sir, contains an exposition of my feelings for your daughter. There is some great mistake—I would not touch a hair of your head, my dear sir, with design to maltreat you."

"I'll tell you what, youngster, it's here in black and white, and if you want to fight, come on. As to pistols, I sha' n't use them, but here is a good oak sapling, and I would like to try its virtues on your body, if there was n't so little of it that it's a shame for a man to touch it."

Livid with rage, Mr. Fitzlillian attempted to laugh.

"My dear sir, you are quite facetious. This is all a hoax—allow me to inquire after your charming daughter, and to indulge the hope that you will eventually be induced to listen to reason. I love her—"

"Go to the d—l with your love. My daughter you shall not have, sir, and if you come near my house again I'll make Cæsar set the dogs on you. So there's an end of it." And he marched out and slammed the door after him.

The two young men burst into the office convulsed with laughter.

"So it's all off, Fitz? and you do n't get the heiress? Capital story, this—I must be off and tell it."

Before night Fitzlillian found himself greeted by every acquaintance with bursts of laughter. Even the boys in the street bestowed on him the cognomen of "pistol." He endured it for a week, and might have weathered the storm of ridicule, if that alone had assailed him, but hearing the approaching marriage of Berville commented on, he indulged himself in some sneering remarks on the humility of his choice, which, reaching the ears of Berville, caused that gentleman to signify to Mr. Fitzlillian, that any future comments on his intended marriage would be punished as they deserved. The next week his office was advertised "To Let," and Clarence Hervey Fitzlillian, Esq. emigrated to Texas, leaving Miss Sally Mary to be won by some luckier suitor than himself.

FLORINE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Come hither, you wild little will-o'-the-wisp!
With your mischievous smile and your musical lisp;—
With your little head tossed, like a proud fairy queen,
My playful, my pretty, my petted Florine!

Did you beg of a shell, love, the blush on your face?
Did you ask a gazelle, love, to teach you its grace?

Did you coax, from the clouds, of a sunset serene,
The gold of your ringlets, bewitching Florine?

Did you learn, of a lute, or a bird, or a rill,
The ravishing tones, that with melody thrill?
Ah! your little, light heart, wonders what I can mean,
For you know not the charm of your beauty, Florine!

UNCLE JOHN AND HIS NEPHEW.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

CHAPTER I.

A TARDY MERCHANT.

"I HAVE no doubt that it *is* bread thrown upon the waters, as you say."

"Yes, and we shall find it again——"

"After *very* many days," interrupted the husband, for this was a domestic colloquy.

"Come, come, my dear," said the wife, "with half a smile—not so much at her husband's irreverent completion of her quotation, as from a desire not to appear harsh or dictatorial in her reproof," I cannot permit you to treat *The Book*, with levity."

"Neither can I," the gentleman said, "allow you to quote it in misapplication. The person you have thrown away your time and money upon, is, in all human probability, not a deserving object of charity, but an impostor."

"But her beautiful child, Charles—and so near the age of our own little Clara! What would you think if I should be refused, with Clara in my arms, a mouthful of food, or the miserable gift of a sixpence!"

The husband smiled at the seeming impossibility of the case supposed—but it was a pensive smile, for he could not conceal from himself, that amid the chances and changes of this world, improbable as such an event appeared, it was by no means impossible. He fell into a reverie, as he contemplated, with a father's fondness, the sunny features of his first born, and then wandered with pleased affection to the gentle face of his wife, lighted up as it was with a smile upon the graceful though aimless gambols of the innocent child. Of such, it is written, are the kingdom of heaven; and while there angels behold the face of The Father, they on earth are the High Priests who hold the keys to our purest and holiest affections. No woman can show the gentleness of love, the fortitude of endurance, the patience under suffering, of which she has hidden within her the latent springs, until the sacred relation of mother develops and calls her virtues into exercise. No man is seen in his best and kindest phases of character, and in the full performance of his duties to his Maker and to his fellow creatures, until he can practically realize the force of the heart-touching question: What man is there of you, whom, if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? At length rising, and taking a hand of his child, as he stooped to look up with little Clara at her mother's face, Charles said—

"That can never happen, while I am alive!"

"What?" inquired his wife, in some surprise.

"Why, that you should be a street wanderer with little Clara in your arms."

"Upon my word," said the wife, slowly, and with humorous mock-dignity, you have been a tediously long while in coming to that conclusion, as an answer to my 'case put,' as uncle John calls it. I had really forgotten what I said, to send you on an exploring expedition into dream-land for the answer. Now come, Charley—do n't take it so sadly serious. Only own to me that children are such excellent pleaders and advocates, that I was not so much to blame for pitying the poor impostor, after all—if, indeed, she be an impostor, which I do not believe."

"Well, Jane, it is a matter of very small moment, and we will say no more about such a trifle. You are altogether too charming a pleader for me to make head against, and always carry your point. So, now, like a cast litigant, I will pay the costs with the best grace I am able."

"Oh!" said Jane, jumping up, as she acknowledged the receipt, "you make me suffer the penalty nevertheless. If you *must* play the fond husband, do come home to-day with a Christian man's countenance, and not 'approach me like the rugged Russian bear.'"

Charles Murray had the best reason in the world to be satisfied with his lot and with his companion. He was not wealthy, but he had health, credit, an unsullied reputation, a good business, a child of which he was reasonably proud, and a wife who found no greater happiness for herself than in ministering to his. His business arrangements were facilitated by counsel and assistance from the eccentric uncle, to whom his wife above alluded. In the counting room of that uncle he passed his minority, under his advice he commenced business and committed matrimony—the latter being, in uncle John's opinion, bachelor though he was, the best endorsement for his character and responsibility, and the best warrant for his success. Young men are usually very dutiful to the friends whose good advice jumps with their own inclinations; and as few or none are averse to the early dignity of being at the head of a mercantile house, and quite as few have particular objections to early marriage, Charles Murray gratified his uncle in both particulars.

As he passed out at the street door, to go to his business, he met the poor woman whose case had been the subject of his playful dispute with Jane.

She was coming from the kitchen-passage, warmed with a good breakfast, and her expressive face cheerful with gratitude at kind treatment. The little babe was still engaged in nosing out the soft heart of a breakfast roll, which she could not relinquish, though filled to satiety. Happy before, Charles derived new pleasure from the comfort, which so slight an expense to himself had been the means of conferring, and he could not resist the temptation to speak to the woman. This was another act of kindness—a little thing to be sure :—

It is a little thing to speak a phrase
Of common comfort, which by daily use
Has almost lost its sense; yet on the ear
Of her who thirsts for pity, it will fall
Like choicest music.

The poor *have* hearts, and the beggar woman, encouraged by kindness to open hers, overwhelmed Charles with blessings and acknowledgments. "Sure," she said, "the blessing of the Holy Mother will be upon her who pitied the fatherless and the widow—bless her darling heart! It's you that have the best reason to be thankful—for if ever an angel lived in mortal shape, her ladyship's the one. May she long last to be a lamp to your path—for sorrow will be the day to you when she's taken home!"

Charles gave her a silver dollar.

"Oh! Blessed Virgin! It's a rich woman you have made me, now, and my darling Patrick shall have new shoes to his feet for the christening—that ever I should have put it off so long, Heaven forgive me! Now, do tell me your honor's name, that I may write it on my heart and his!"

"Charles."

"And what else?"

"Murray."

"Charles Murray, is it? Sure you're Irish—and I know it—and your name is the same as the man that owned me, who is dead and gone, God rest his soul in peace!—the same as his, barring that his was Jamie, but they are both purty names on the lip. Are ye of the Murrays of Killarney? Sure, now I look again, you are the moral of my brother's wife's first cousin—the same blue eye, and the curly locks, and the dimple on the chin! I'll always know you among ten thousand, and may I never see you in a worse place than this!"

Charles looked at his watch. It was half-past ten, and with a young merchant's shame at such an unusual tardiness from business, he bowed the Irish-woman away, and was preparing to follow hastily himself when he felt his head pulled back by rather a smart nip upon the right ear. He turned suddenly, and the eyes of his wife, bright with pleasure, were laughing in his face.

"So," she said, "that is the way you enforce your sage cautions to me about street beggars, is it? But then you did not *give*. You only *bought* a dollar's worth of blarney, and paid in good democratic coin!"

How this new matter was settled, we cannot stop to say; but something may be gathered from the declaration of Prudence Takenote, the ancient and tantalised spinister who lived opposite. She pro-

tested to her gossips that "*such* proceedings, and *such* familiarities, in the street door, were, in her opinion, to the last degree unbecoming and improper;" and that for *her* part, "she should always distrust the principles, and question the affection of *any* man, who took such violent public means to show his fondness." Mr. Murray *might* be, and she hoped he was, a very correct man, and a very kind husband—but there were certainly strong appearances against him. She did not like to be censorious, but "after this she could be surprised at nothing."

CHAPTER II.

UNCLE JOHN'S LECTURE.

"WELL, Uncle John," said Murray, as he entered his uncle's compting room, a few moments after this, "have you any thing over to-day?"

"Why, Charley, I can't tell yet, can't, really." And Uncle John pretended to be very busy with the newspaper, while he was silently "putting the case" to himself. How can he want money? The only note he has to-day is one of a thousand dollars, in the Bank of North America, and I am sure old Krebs of Berks county just paid fifteen hundred at his store, for he told me so—and got a discount for the month his paper had to run. "Put the case," the old man continued, still to himself, and still pretending to be busy with the paper—"Put the case," that his family expenses have exceeded my estimates, or that he has run into speculation without telling me—I must let him worry a little, to teach him better. I'll probe him. "Did n't Mr. Krebs pay you fifteen hundred to-day, Charles, discount off, half per cent. for thirty days?"

"I did not know that, uncle."

"Did not *know* it! Why, have you got your business so extended and systematized, that a thousand and a half can come into your safe, and you not hear of it? When I was at your age, fifteen hundred dollars at once, and from a pre-paying customer, would have marked an epoch. Why I should have been, at hand to lead such a buyer into a new bill of a thousand more, at least. Like as not now, old Krebs, left to the scanty politeness of your clerks, has gone off to buy somewhere else. Put the case now—how shall you feel, if your pupil, when you turn out one, by and by, shall serve you so? You never learned such an arms-length way of handling your business in John Murray's compting room, I am sure."

"Most certainly not," my dear uncle," said Charles, blushing scarlet. And then he stammered out. "To tell the whole truth, I have not been at the store yet."

"Not been there—and it's past eleven! Is your wife sick?"

"No sir."

"Or your child?"

"Neither of them."

"Well, *this* you never learned in your uncle's store, neither. Eleven o'clock, and not at your business! Packet day to-morrow, and your orders not

filled out! The Brig Andes in, consigned to C. Murray, and the consignee not yet visible; and, to crown all, a note in bank, and the promisor, at noon on the last day of grace, do n't know where the money is to come from! Come, Mr. Murray—do n't stand eating your gloves! If you have not yet been at the store to-day, it is high time you were there!"

Charles knew that it would be of no possible use to attempt to reply to such a catalogue of shortcomings, ending in such a climax, and silently withdrew. As he entered his own store he met a young man in the door, to whom he said, with a heat and anger altogether out of his usual manner—

"Stop sir! The very next time I meet you in my place of business, under any pretext whatever, I shall kick you out, and discharge your brother! If you do not wish to ruin him, then, do n't walk on this side of the street again. I have gently intimidated, time after time, to him and to you, that his unfortunate relationship must not be made the excuse for keeping bad company—for if you are in his confidence, with your well known infamous character, he cannot be in mine."

The unfortunate, to whom this angry speech was made, cast down his eyes, and left before the last words of it were fairly uttered, and without attempting an answer. It is human nature, when a man has received a rating to which he cannot venture a reply, that he should "pass it along" to the first proper victim, and therefore it was that it happened that Charles Murray gave this young man the castigation which, it must be admitted, he most richly deserved. The offended principal, annoyed by his own faults, no less than by those of his clerk, next proceeded to give that young man a milder reproof than he had administered to his brother, though it probably had the more weight from its gentler tone. Charles had spent the "vigor of his wrath" upon the unwelcome visitor.

The most immediate and urgent business of the day being happily disposed of by Mr. Krebs's money, all the rest was easily manged, and Charles, in returning good humor, forgot all the difficulties of the morning. He even went and permitted a barber to make his face less like a Patriarch's, as a compliment to his wife, and to buy her off from raillery, on his bounty to the beggar-woman. All things being squared up, and even old Krebs himself encountered, and another bill of goods sold to him, at a fair profit, Charles presented himself at his uncle's desk, prepared now to deprecate his anger, if any remained, by a good report.

"Well, young man," said his uncle, laying down what he was engaged upon, rising from his chair, rubbing his hands, and stretching his legs with a stamp or two about his little counting room, as was his custom, when he received a person in good humor. "Well!"

"I have something over, now, if you want it."

"No, my boy, no, not to day. All is square as a brick with me, now, till next January. How have you got on to-day?"

Charles narrated the day's business—all except the encounter with his clerk's brother, which he did not think it necessary to repeat.

"Very well—very well," said the old gentleman. "Nothing seems to have happened wrong by your negligence, so far, but there's no knowing. Clerks get in bad habits when their masters neglect their business. But you have not told me yet what kept you at home. Was it a spat—a bit of a breeze—a Caudle lecture?"

"Oh no!"

"Don't be so emphatic, Charles. Don't be so emphatic. Two people, tied together, must fret under the yoke sometimes. Put the case to yourself, and you'll find that, while human nature is human nature, it can't be otherwise."

"Come home to dinner with me, and ask my wife, uncle."

"Ask my wife if I lie, eh! No, no, Charley, that won't do. However, I will go home with you, and hear your joint and several prevarication."

"But—Uncle—"

"Not a word more about it—not a word. Put the case to yourself, now. A man and his wife, who wish to wear a good face in the world, will prevaricate a little and white-wash one another. It could n't be otherwise, and it should n't be. If friends can't endorse, who can? If man and wife do n't conceal their mutual faults, and the faults of each other, who will?"

CHAPTER III.

A PLEASANT DINNER AND GLOOMY DESSERT.

UNCLE JOHN was always a welcome visitor at the house of his nephew—and he was always glad to visit there, also. A good humored, fun-loving, married woman, particularly if she happen to be the wife of a favorite brother or nephew, can take liberties with the bachelor, which no one else dare imagine, and which makes the male relatives stand sometimes aghast at their effrontery. They absolutely astonish the unmatched men into good humor, with the grace of their own unmatched impudence, and while they torment, do it in such a pleasantly unpleasant manner, that the victim comes again and again, anxious to be teased, though at the same time half-vexed at it. Like a child half-dead with laughter at the titillation of nurse's fingers—struggling to get away, and yet, in actions, and often in words, begging her "to do it again."

In such hands as Jane Murray's, you may be sure that bachelor Uncle John did not make much of his sage attempts to reprove the dilatory Charley; and from what he could gather, (poor soul, so ignorant of married life,) he began to have half a thought, that, had he been a married man in his younger days, he might, mirror of punctuality as he prided himself upon being, himself have loitered at home till 'change hours began to wane. During a pause in the laugh-accompanied conversation, the door bell rung, and Mr. Charles Murray was inquired for. With any other guest at his table, Charles might have sent a request to the applicant to wait; but he knew his uncle too well to practice any such modern unbusi-

ness-like thing before him. So he rose and went to the door. His leaving the table was the signal for all to rise.

"Cousin Jenny," said uncle John, "who is it that you have for an opposite neighbor?"

"One for whom you ought to feel sympathy and kindness—an ancient maiden lady."

"Not a bit of it, Miss Pert. Why she has a pocket spy glass there, stuck between the slats of the blind. I have no sympathy with such instruments."

"Certainly not, Uncle John, while your eyesight remains so good that you do not need an opera glass—but I'll warrant you, like all old bachelors, are quite as curious as your maiden counterparts."

"Uncle John!" called Charles, from the door, within which he just protruded his head. Jane started at the unnatural sound of the voice, and at her husband's strange aspect. Uncle John hurried to the door, while Jane sunk in a chair, weak and alarmed, at she knew not what. The servant woman, who was preparing to clear the table, did not lose the slightest circumstance of what was passing round her, but stared, with more than mere impertinence, at her mistress. But we must follow Uncle John to the hall."

"Well, Charley, what's all this? Not a protest, I hope?" and he cast an inquiring look at the stranger, who wore that something in his appearance which bespeaks the policeman.

"Oh, no, sir, protests aint in my line, sir. This is rath'er worse—it's a felony, sir, and I hope the gentleman may go clear of it. It's a warrant on a charge of forgery."

Uncle John looked steadily in his nephew's eye. Charles did not quail nor shrink, and although he turned pale with the word, it was evidently as much with astonishment as any other emotion. Uncle John was satisfied in his own mind. He could not put any case in which a protegee and pupil of his could be guilty of such a crime, and he knew Charles too well to believe a charge like this, even though appearances should be all against him,—much less while the accusation was scarcely in a tangible shape.

Officers of the police are quick observers, too, and the man saw at once that this was no case in which he should incur any risk in respecting the feelings of his prisoner. "Suppose I call a cab?" said he.

"Do so," said Uncle John—"and no Black Maria-looking police office accommodation line, neither, but a decent coach. I'm going to take your Charley away a little while," said the kind old man, in a tone of as much indifference as he could assume, "but I'll bring him back to tea, and mind you have an old bachelor's dish of slops for me, too."

Jane's lips parted, as if about to speak.

"Do n't ask me a single question, nor say one word. We'll tell you all about it when we come back."

The cab had by this time arrived at the door, and Jane watched with a thousand undefined, and therefore but the more terrible fears, as the three stepped in and drove away. When will men cease to treat women like children, and to conceal from them what they have a perfect right to know?

Nor was Jane the only person who had watched the proceedings. Prudence Takenote, disdaining the subterfuge of a concealed peep, had hoisted her blinds, and bent the full battery of a double opera glass upon the opposite house, while her maid of all work, called from the kitchen to share her surprise and hear her surmises, occupied the other window, and her venerable tabby, glad of the rare opportunity to bask in the pale light of day, sat upon the window seat and watched and washed her face, and watched and washed again. The whole neighborhood was speedily alive with gossip and excitement, and most miraculously direful stories flew from mouth to mouth—particularly as our couple, from a habit of minding their own business, had acquired the dangerous reputation of "stuck-up people."

Jane had not yet left the room, and scarcely noticed that the dinner table was not yet removed. Betty, the housemaid, soon made her appearance, with her personal property tied up in a shawl. "I pity you, ma'am, upon my soul I do," she said, "but I can't stay any longer, indeed and indeed I can't."

"Pity me! And for what, pray?" said Jane, recalled to the necessity of being herself.

"Oh, I can't tell you, ma'am, but it's all over the neighborhood, and I told Miss Takenote's maid that I knew you was innocent, ma'am—indeed I did. But it aint me that can tell you, indeed and 'deed I can't." And Betty hurried away from the house, as though it had been plague-stricken. There is a reason, real or fancied, for every thing, and Betty, poor soul, fancied she had reason enough. She had once in her life been detained several weeks as a witness—incarcerated with the vilest of the vile, her time lost, her character jeopardized. Can we wonder that she had a horror of all law proceedings? Many is the poor soul who gets caught and detained unpitied in a like predicament; but, among all movements of philanthropy, we hear of none to abate this crying evil attendant upon the process of criminal law in large cities.

Jane called for the cook, but she had heard her mate's story too many times, and with too much exaggeration of circumstance, not to take the infection of fear. Cook had absconded also. Thus deserted, poor Jane's distress, which was acute before, now took the character of phrenzy, for the strange conduct of her domestic gave color to the worst fears which her imagination—the imagination of a wife and mother terrified for her husband—could invent. She ran to the window, to look abroad for that companionship and sympathy of which she was deprived at home; and there, mocking her misery, she met the double battery of Prudence Takenote's double opera glass, peering in curiosity, and frowning in censoriousness upon her desolate home. It was too much. Huddling on her bonnet and shawl, and bundling up little Clara in the first article that offered, Jane followed the example of her domestics, and ran away from the house, as if to stay in it were destruction.

Prudence Takenote absolutely let her double eye glass fall, in her astonishment. "There, there!" she cried, "she's an accomplice, and dare not remain in the house! That ever such a family should get into this street! But I knew they could n't

be much, after what I have observed, and I have said so, over and over! This morning's doings, too!"

And Prudence wiped her lips, with virtuous indignation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE EXAMINATION.

SCANDAL flies apace. When Charles arrived at the magistrate's office, with his uncle, he found the place already crowded with all talkers and few listeners, all full of the startling news of the day, and all better acquainted with his case and difficulty than he. A forgery had been committed upon one of the banks that morning, and the mercantile community was aghast at the fact that the crime had been distinctly and unequivocally traced to Charles Murray, than whom, before this astounding revelation, no man had stood higher in the confidence of the commercial public. Now malignant envy spat out her venom, and heartless detraction, hitherto deterred by the unspotted character it could not sully, broke out in notes scarce less than triumph. Poor Charles's friends, and he had many, were silenced, and those to whom he was not an object of personal interest, wavered between the influence of the accusations of the envious, who condemned him unheard, and the doubting hope of his friends, who tried to believe that the seemingly perfect chain of evidence would, upon trial, show some defective link.

The testimony before the magistrate was simple and direct. The man who presented the forged cheque at the bank was detected and arrested, and did not attempt to deny the fact, or his identity. Being regarded as the tool of a more able and guilty accomplice, he swore plumply to the fact that he received the cheque from the prisoner, and paid him the money, being, in the transaction, a mere innocent messenger. This is a common story, and while our courts doubt the first assertion of such a witness, relative to himself, they admit his evidence, if corroborated by other circumstances, for the conviction of other and greater rogues.

The receiving-teller of the bank, in which Charles had that morning paid his note, testified that the prisoner himself paid into that bank the notes of the institution which had been defrauded.

The paying-teller of the bank upon which the forgery had been committed, identified the notes, paid into the other bank, as those which he had delivered upon the forged cheque.

The prisoner's clerk, an unwilling, and trembling witness, admitted that the prisoner was absent from his store until an unusually late hour that morning—say until eleven o'clock. The false cheque was presented immediately after the opening of the bank. Uncle John turned pale and bit his lips. Must we own that as the proofs accumulated, even he, Charles's first and best friend, began to have his doubts and misgivings.

"Was there no money paid into the store this morning?" he asked of the witness.

"Yes sir," and he hesitated—"by a merchant from the country."

Uncle John's face lightened up. He began to see his way out of the difficulty. "There," he exclaimed, "I see the very man. Now we'll have all right. Will Mr. Krebs be good enough to come forward, and your honor swear him for the defence?"

A buzz of satisfaction ran through the room, as the country merchant took the stand to testify. Mr. Krebs said that he had that morning paid to Mr. Murray's clerk fifteen hundred dollars, in anticipation of a note due. As he concluded his short and straight story, Charles's friends began already to unglove to congratulate him.

"Will the witness state on what bank the notes were, which he paid?"

A pin might have been heard to fall, as the crowd waited for the answer. "The Berks County Bank."

All were at sea again. Uncle John buried his face in his hands, and sat the image of grief, while he put the case to himself how Charles could have done such a thing, and the more he considered it, the more distracting were his doubts. At length the justice said, that if there was no further evidence for the defence, he should feel compelled to require the prisoner to give bail for his appearance for trial, and in default to commit him.

"Don't be down-hearted, Charley—I'll be your bail," said Uncle John, and then hid his face again to weep. Charles Murray sat erect, pale and anxious—bewildered with the net of suspicious circumstances which seemed to entangle him, but not in despair. A friend pushed forward to him out of the crowd—a lawyer, with whom he was on terms of friendly intimacy. "Let me help you, Murray," said he. "Where were you this morning?"

"At home."

"I'll send for your house-servants to testify to that." And an officer was accordingly instantly despatched for that purpose. "Now, don't you suspect *any* one? What kind of a chap is that guilty looking clerk?"

A new light broke upon Charles. After a moment's further conversation, in an under-tone, with his client, the lawyer was whispering in the ear of the justice—a blank was filled up, and another officer was beckoned to the magistrate's desk. As soon as he saw the warrant, his face betrayed an expression of intelligence, and he departed at once—the crowd in court watching with interest a proceeding, which, from its silence, was to them only an exciting but unintelligible pantomime. By no one were these proceedings watched with more intentness than by Charles's clerk, and the lawyer did not fail to notice his trepidation.

The messenger who had been sent to the house, returned with the news that it was deserted, and that he could find no person there who could give any intelligence which could lead to the whereabouts of the late inmates, though an old lady opposite volunteered a great deal of information, which amounted to nothing upon sifting it.

"Confound the women!" muttered uncle John—"they are never to be had when you want them!" This was rather a sweeping remark—but Uncle John was a bachelor, and perhaps spoke from experience.

One point of the defence was now certainly delayed, and that, too, in a way which seemed to give no good color to the matter. The magistrate could not help remembering, that it was not the prisoner who had proposed sending for his domestics, but his lawyer, who had made a suggestion which Charles could not with any color of reason decline. He looked at his watch, leaned back in his chair, put a hand on each arm, and adjusted his countenance into an expression which the frequenters of the court knew was ominous of bail or—Moyamensing. The darkening shadows of declining day reminded people that they were beginning to be fatigued, when there was a bustle at the door, which relieved the monotony.

"To be sure I know him!" said a strong Irish voice, in indignant answer to a repulse from the hangers on about the office—"to be sure I know Mister Charles Murray, and it's neither me nor my babe will forget him, the longest day we live—the saints be good to him always!"

"One of the prisoner's respectable acquaintances," sneered a pickpocket, in the crowd.

"May it please your honor, a witness for the defence," said the lawyer, at a hint from Charles.

"Are you ready to be sworn?" inquired the magistrate, with the air of a man who is about to submit to useless trouble and labor.

"Is it for *him*? To be sure I'll be ready, to the longest day I live, to be sworn for *him* on the holy evangel!"

"Recollect, woman, the solemnity of an oath! You are not here to clear a friend or a benefactor, but to testify to the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth!"

The witness was awed, but not frightened, by the address of the magistrate, and the serious character of a judicial oath, administered with proper respect to her education in reference of sacred symbols. A few questions from the lawyer, at Charles's suggestion, drew from her the testimony, conclusive, if she was worthy of belief, that Charles Murray was at his own house certainly from eight to ten, and that therefore the story of the commonwealth witness, about meeting the prisoner at the corner of a street, at a long distance from his house, once just before ten, to receive the cheque, and once just after, to pay over the money, could not be true. The gallows bird assumed an appearance of indifference, ill put on, under the straightforward and honest declaration of the poor woman.

"Did you ever see the prisoner before to-day?"

"The prisoner? Is it Mr. Murray you mean? Never, your worship, sorrow for me."

"How do you recollect him so distinctly?"

"Anan!"

"How do you know him so well?"

"Know him! Is n't his name the same as my husband's, barring that his was Jamie? And is n't he the moral of my brother's wife's first cousin, the same blue eye, and curly locks, and dimple on his chin, and rose on his cheek, too, till the 'peelers got hold of him? And did n't he give me a dollar?"

"A dollar note?"

"No, your honor's worship—as purty a silver token as I ever had to jingle agin a ha'penny."

"You may sit down."

"Now, will your honor call the clerk again to the stand?"

As the clerk took his place to be cross-examined for the defence, his brother was brought into court in custody. Their eyes met, and a sudden paleness showed itself on the witnesses face. The lawyer abruptly asked, in a loud and distinct tone—

"Who did you say exchanged Mr. Krebs's money for you?"

The clerk caught hold of a chair for support. The justice leaned forward as if to speak—

"One moment, your honor." Then turning to the witness—"Remember the solemnity of your oath. Do not blast your character forever, young man, by direct perjury, nor persist in indirectly refusing to tell the whole truth. With whom *did* you exchange one thousand dollars of Mr. Krebs's money?"

The poor fellow stood motionless and silent.

"Did you exchange it with any one?"

The witness answered, in a faint voice, that he did.

"Did you not take these very notes in exchange?"

All leaned forward to catch the answer, but an unexpected and exciting incident diverted their attention. The culprit brother had darted through a window into the street, and his accomplice, the first witness, in an instant after, slipped out at the door. The streets, for a square or two, were instantly alive with a man chase, and the office was deserted. In a few moments both were re-arrested, and a hearty three times three cheers, in defiance of "contempt of court," announced their return to take the place of the innocent merchant under examination.

We need not follow the details of the proceedings further, as all our readers anticipate the result. Uncle John stamped about in a fever of ecstasy, putting the case to himself in every shape which could celebrate his own foresight. He *knew* a protégée of his could not have been guilty. Pushing Charles out of the office before him, he dragged the arm of the honest Irishwoman within his own, and, as they emerged from the building, Charles was overwhelmed with the congratulations of his friends and acquaintances, and deafened by the noisy cheers of the multitude.

"Holy Mother!" cried the Irishwoman, disengaging her arm, "there is her ladyship, too—blessings on her gentle heart, which could n't rest asy in her own home, when her love was out of it!"

Sure, enough, there stood Jane, who had just arrived in the crowd, the picture of distraction, with little Clara in her arms. Uncle John handed her at once into a coach. He then passed in the Irishwoman—then tumbled in Charley, with the same air as he would have pushed his ledger into its case, after the successful adjustment of a balance. After rubbing his hands, and giving the pavement his invariable three stamps, he skipped in himself.

"Three cheers for Uncle John!" cried one of Charley's friends, stepping upon a coach block, and swinging his hat.

"Three for Charley Murray!"

"Three for Charley's wife!"

"Three for the honest Irish heart of the woman whose first cousin's aunt's sister's neice's cousin's sister is the *moral* of our Charley!"

And, amid all this pleasant din, the coach rattled, with its happy freight, away from the magistrate's office.

CHAPTER V.

THE CASE PUT.

"There," said Uncle John, as the party stood surveying the cold, gravy-crusts dinner dishes, in the twilight in Charley's house. "Did n't I tell you, this morning, that some mischief would come of your tardiness. Now, put the case—"

"Now, just be quiet, old gentleman," said Jane, placing her hand over his mouth, "till I have done. I have two or three cases to put to Charley, myself. How is it now, sir, about my not being a street wanderer, with Clara in my arms, while you are alive?"

Bridget, the Irish witness, had stepped intuitively into the absconded housemaid's place, and just at this moment she brought a lamp in each hand into the

room, the full light of which revealed its whole interior to the opposite neighbors. By the manner in which Charley answered his wife, Prudence was scandalized again—

"And what, Mr. Charley, do you think of the bread thrown upon the waters now?"

And again—

"And what," retorted Charley, "of the dollar's worth of blarney I bought?"

And again! Prudence could stand it no longer, but absolutely closed her own shutters. "No more of this billing and cooing," said Uncle John, "or I shall claim my share. Be half as prompt in business, and I shall never have to get you out of such a scrape again, but shall have leisure left to court the old maid opposite."

"Old maid!" interrupted Bridget—"sure her own woman tould me that she is a widow who has outlasted four husbands!"

"Oh thunder!" shouted Uncle John, "what a homicidal vixen!" And here we leave the happy family to their pleasant evening, crowned with new resolves—resolves which, we shall only say, have been about as well kept as human resolutions usually are.

THE SIEGE OF HENNEBON.

BY WM. H. CARPENTER.

Who's he that rides for Hennebon at such a furious speed,
With bloody spur and heated brow and foam-besprinkled
steed?

He labors up the distant hill, he dashes o'er the plain,
Still urging on, still spurring on, with all his might and
main;

He plunges in the roaring stream, that is so wide and deep,
And now he falters up the bank, both slippery and steep;
And heavily, how heavily! with reeling broken pace,
He nears the walls of Hennebon—and, by our Lady's face!
He gains the outer barriers. Ah! nobly hath he sped—
For lo! his horse gives one loud cry, and suddenly falls dead.
"Now open wide your gates," he cried, "that were so hard
to win—"

Now open wide your gates," he cried, "and haste to let
me in."

They ope the gate and bring him straight to Montfort's
noble dame,

Where, scant of breath, he bent his knee in sadness and in
shame.

"The King of France hath seized our Lord, and, by to-
morrow's sun,

Sir Charles of Blois will march from Rennes for fatal
Hennebon."

And they looked on one another, and the silence feared to
break,

'Till lifting up her little child, the beauteous countess spake,
"Sad tidings, and but little hope, sir Captain, does thou
bring,

Unless our succors come in time from England's valiant
King,

As for my Lord, be not dismayed, tis but one man the less,
And, by God's grace, I'll take his place the foremost in
the press;

And if on brave old Hennebon they dare to wreak their
strife,

The base usurper still shall find Earl Montfort in his wife.
What though the body of my Lord be held in dungeon lair,
His spirit lives in all our hearts, his presence every where.

"The Markel cross and Hospital his princely love display,
And yonder speaks the bridge he flung across the wide
Blavet;

And shall we, since his liberal hand flung largess, gift and
dower,

With craven souls yield humbly up each castle, town and
tower?

Or, shall we rather fling abroad the standard of his race,
And drive these rude invaders back in shame and foul
disgrace?"

"A Montfort!" shouted all around with fierce and eager
eye,

And with a lion port the dame made answer in reply,

"Up watchers! to the Barbican, and take especial heed;

And, lieges, look your arms be bright against the hour of
need."

Full soon they saw a shining host come riding o'er the
plain,

With barbed steed all trampling down the waving yellow
grain,

And, foremost of this brave array, a haughty, beardless boy,
In a gay embroidered surcoat, rode the youthful Charles of
Blois.

And thronging round with mailed hood, with bacinet and lance,
The recreant knights of Brittany, the chivalry of France.
Genoa's bowmen led the van, and with a deafening noise
Came the swarthy free companions of the Spanish knight
Sir Loyes;
And banners wave, and lances gleam, and hauberk helm
and shield,
Like glittering fires are streaming up from all the flowing
field.

Montfort's brave dame, with scornful lip looked forth upon
the foe,
And bade her lieges quickly arm, and bade the trumpets
blow;
And straight was heard the loud alarm through every echo-
ing street;
And straight was heard the hammer's clink and tramp of
hurrying feet,—
The stalwart soldier tarries not to bid a last adieu—
The steel clad knight is dashing past with all his retinue—
The lusty squire of low degree draws on his plated
glove,
And hums an amorous ditty of the lady of his love,
And binds her scarf across his breast, and buckles on his
sword,
And with a gay laugh hastens on to join his valiant lord.

No sleep that night for Hennebon, that once slept light and
free,
For human hearts have human fears how staunch soe'er
they be;
And short and thick the breath will come, when the first
wild alarm
Calls forth the peaceful artisan to grasp defensive arm.
Yet not less boldly will he fight for dear home and fire-
side,
Than scarred and veteran spearsman in a hundred battles
tried;
For, by the watchfire's fitful blaze, the curious eye may
trace,
That stern resolve sits brooding o'er many a time worn
face:
And knitted brow, and flashing eye, and close drawn lip,
attest
How loyalty o'ermasters fear in every true man's breast.

All solemnly at early dawn the minster bells were rung,
And solemnly and fervently the early mass was sung;
And men, who seldom knelt in prayer, now humbly bowed
the knee,
And from the eyes of pale young girls the tears were
coursing free.—

And, 'mid the lowly, lowliest of all the thousands there
The Countess Montfort meekly knelt beside the altar stair.
But when she seeks her bower again, she doffs her woman's
gear,
And armed in proof she rides abroad with helmet, targe, and
spear;
And even where the bravest fought and blood most freely
flowed,
Like an Amazonian lady right valiantly she rode.

Day after day the siege is pressed, till ruddiest cheeks turn
pale—
Day after day the siege is pressed, till stoutest warriors
quail,—
The craftsmen with a feeble hand assail the maddened foe;
The soldier, weary, faint and wan, can scarcely deal a
blow;
The knight, alone, though sore distressed, still rings his war
cry out,
While feebler far, from hour to hour, becomes the answer-
ing shout.
Though always in the foremost rank De Montfort's dame is
seen,
With the same firm step and courage high, and calm
unruffled mien,
Ah! none there were who knew, save her, when all were
thus dismayed,
How oft across the dark blue sea she watched for England's
aid,
And when, at last, a fierce wild yell rose shrilly on the air,
She looked the hope she could not speak, and frowned away
despair.

"All, all is lost!" the old men cried—"the walls are battered
down—
Oh, gracious lady! save yourself, or ere we yield the
town."
They spake again—she answered not—her eyes were
opened wide—
And leaning, with her lips apart, she gazes o'er the tide.
"It is! it is! now God be praised! All proudly on the
main,
The English succors—see, they come so often sought in
vain—
Ho! let the bells ring merrily! Ho! rend the air with
cheers!
Sir Walter Manny treads the shore with all his goodly
spears."
Aghast, aghast the foemen stood—while burghers meeting,
laughed
To think how light a Frenchman's love for English cloth
yard shaft.

TO MISS H. McP.....

BY LEWIS J. VOIGT.

As the streamlet, that sparkling,
In light leaps along—
Now glittering—now darkling,
And gleeful with song;
So Lady! thy laughter,
Rings joyous and free:
Oh! blythe as that water
Still—still may it be!

As the spray-foam that pillows
Its pearl-wreaths of light
On the fast flashing billows,
That glance on the sight,
So may each hour, maiden!
Till time's waves be past,
With new joys be laden,
Brighter each than the last!

THE OHIO AND MISSISSIPPI.

BY E. FERRETT.

READER, art thou blest with patience? that most saint-like and practical of all the virtues—patience, which offering a negative and passive resistance, effectually conquers the positive and active ills to which poor human nature is subject. For a tight boot or the tooth-ache—a squalling baby or a disobedient child—a quarrelsome friend or a ruined fortune—a distracting pain or a distracted lover, patience is “a most sovereign remedy.”

But there is one misery of life for which even patience fails to bring relief—if thou hast any doubt, most friendly reader, navigate the Ohio and Mississippi, when the water is low—it is possible that thou hast enjoyed that treat, and if so, thou wilt immediately acknowledge the truth of my proposition, and if thou hast not, read and be convinced.

Suppose us at Louisville, exceedingly anxious to reach St. Louis with all practicable speed,—enquiries tend to show that there is not enough water to float first class boats, but that one of the second class will sail at twelve or one o'clock on that day—being somewhat wide awake, of course we are aware that the boat will not sail at the exact time specified, and so making an allowance of an extra hour, reach the deck about two, and learn that we are just in time, as she is off forthwith,—in high glee at our good judgment, we take a seat to watch the process of getting off—then begins the demand upon our patience—hour after hour passes away, and yet the boat sticks close into shore, with no other indication of her intended departure, than an occasional burst of steam from the escape pipe, which seems to threaten to end our voyage in double quick time, by blowing boat, passengers and all, into the clouds. Finally, at six or seven in the evening, the boat absolutely moves off with about three times as many passengers as she can accommodate, and half as much again freight as she can carry—the first operation is to pass through a canal, in which process four or five hours are expended—this same canal is some eight or twelve inches wider than the boat, which has in the dark, to creep through the channel at less than a mile an hour, every now and then bumping from one side to the other, threatening every minute to get her sides stove in, and thumping the passengers, who have not yet attained “the hang” of the boat, in a most merciless manner—without the slightest compunction, sticking elbows into ribs heretofore undisturbed, and treading upon corns ever before preserved from crushing.

No matter, we are fairly under weigh, we have been told that the trip will occupy fifty hours, and full of strong hope, we care not for deficiency of room at the supper table—for tea that reminds us of a decoction of slow leaves, and butter that so far from being eatable, is almost too bad to smell—these are trifles, we are proceeding, and fifty hours will bring us to St.

Louis. How true are many of our homely adages—they may not be remarkable for elegance of phraseology—they may even require polish; but however deficient in other things, their truth is abundant recompence—

“There s many a slip
Betwixt the cup and the lip,”

is one of those trite and beautiful truisms, which, though probably in existence before the flood, is in daily use, and perfectly consistent and appropriate applicability. In no case is the adage more true, nor more appropriate, than when applied to the navigation of the Ohio and Mississippi.

Just when in our innocent inexperience we fancy ourselves in a fair way to proceed—we hear the tinkling of a vile bell, and soon coming to a dead halt, learn in answer to our anxious enquiries that it is too foggy to run, and that the boat is consequently laid up for the night. Then the joys of our birth shared with another, the whole room scarcely large enough for a coffin for the celebrated Daddy Lambert of obese memory—the vile, close, and fetid atmosphere, redolent with tobacco smoke—the endless clink, clink, of the engineer's hammer, engaged—the engineer, as well as the hammer—in repairing the damage effected by the canal—all combine to render our dreams as sweet as our lullaby is enchanting.

In a species of indistinct nightmare—through which visions of shoals, snags, and glimpses of lots of water and no fogs, pass in rapid and ever varying succession, the night slowly departs, and morning, ever welcome morning, dawns brightly—preparations are made for starting the boat, and starting a breakfast, both which feats are accomplished with rather less than railroad speed—we will not detail the nuisances endured whilst striving to accomplish an apology for a toilette—those are inconveniences which travelers must bear, and yet the fact of their being unavoidable, does not render them one whit the less annoying.

We have eaten a bad breakfast, and creep with delight from the close room to the narrow deck, where though with little space for a promenade; we can enjoy heaven's great blessing, pure air, and feed our eyes upon the beautiful scene around us—the picturesque banks, and the wide spread waters of “la belle reviere”—beautiful as is the Ohio—much as it has been lauded—still we with all humility confess to a much greater admiration for the banks of the Kentucky river—they are more picturesque and varied, and as the river winds more than the Ohio, offers bold bluffs perpetually to the eye, each one presenting a strikingly different form and feature—the banks are lined with beautiful trees, the leaves of which, touched by the early frost, and driven by the wind, were thrown up to the skies,

and fell all around as tho' it were absolutely raining leaves.

On we go, slow, but not sure—we are blest with a pilot, who judging causes from effects, is thoroughly ignorant of his craft—at every place that we stop to take on wood, we are gratified with intelligence of the increasing lowness, or, if you like it better, the decreasing highness of the water—our boat which is said to draw twenty-eight or thirty inches, is discovered to draw at least three feet and a half,—with all these encouragements we proceed at the rate of four or five miles an hour; every now and then diversifying the monotony of our existence, by running on a sand bar, and sparring off—in this way, lying by at night, and scarcely creeping by day, we wound our tortuous path to the mouth of the Ohio. As day after day pass by, and the fallacy of our bright hopes becomes daily, hourly, more palpable; as the fifty hours which were to have carried us to St. Louis, have all gone and half as many more, before we have got half way there—the annoyance, the irritability, and indignation of all parties may be easier imagined than described. Of all the miserable nuisances that can befall a traveler, getting upon a small steamer, badly managed and badly officered, is one of the greatest—it was our fortune to have no good officers, so that not only had our boat to encounter all the ordinary risks of travel; but the numerous additional ones consequent upon ignorance—added to which the internal arrangements of the boat were so bad, the waiters so dirty, the food so ordinary, that we one and all heartily wished ourselves free from our prison.

Nevertheless the longest rivers, as well as the longest days have an end, and we found ourselves at Cairo, a small place standing at the junction of the Ohio, with the Mississippi. This same Cairo is said to be owned by a company of which the Duke of Devonshire is a member. Cairo is a small place, with not more than half a dozen houses—the principal business seems to be done on the river, upon which may be seen flat queer looking boats, with signs indicating that board and lodging can be obtained there; others with groceries, &c. &c. This peculiarity is said to arise from the fact, that the company who possess the property, exact such hard terms from any one seeking to build there, as effectually to destroy the inclination to do so. Another and different reason is given, namely, that the waters at certain periods overflow their banks, and so inundate the town—which of these causes is the true one, we cannot decide; but certain it is, that the site of the town is one which would enable it, if built up, to command the greatest part of the western and southern trade—from the fact of various businesses being carried on upon the water, we infer that the first cause is the true one.

Those passengers who had come down the Ohio for the first time, imagined in the purity of their innocence, or the verdure of their greenness, that when the Ohio was passed the principal difficulties were overcome,—thinking that want of water was the primary impediment—thus fresh spirits and new hopes attended our entry of the Mississippi. One hundred and eighty miles! what are they? a mere nothing—our boat was said to be capable of running ten miles an hour. We believe that it was only "said," for we certainly never caught her at any such a prank—still

we were going, and as the Mississippi waters were deeper than the Ohio, our troubles had diminished—soon, however, a new feature presented itself—an indistinct murmur about snags, and staves and sunken bouts reached our ears, and we finally learned that we had, to use another old saw, "jumped out of the frying pan into the fire."

The water was unusually low—snags abundant—our pilot a regular dolt, and stories of vessels that had recently struck, as numerous as they were disagreeable—every now and then when soundings were taken, one minute we had five feet of water, the next "no bottom"—the first day in the Mississippi passed, and our captain with praiseworthy precaution, laid to during the night. On the next morning, we proceeded with increasing hopes of ultimate success—one peculiarity about river traveling is worthy of remark,—if a man asks his neighbor, who is conversant with the water, the distance from the desired port, he gets for answer, probably, "sixty miles"—he travels on steadily for three hours, and then asks some other person, equally well acquainted with the river, and much to his astonishment, learns that it is sixty-five or sixty-six. So often was this repeated, that we began to imagine that the city of St. Louis had the peculiar faculty of receding as we approached.

Spite of all those peculiarities, by sundown on the fifth day we were so near that it was determined to run on with a view to reach St. Louis that night—various were the decisions as to the time of our arrival—from half past nine to twelve and one, were severally stated by such as were, or professed to be, learned in the matter—however, each mile became more full of snags, the river more dangerous, and our pilot more timid—strong speculations were entered into by the more serious of the passengers, as to the length of time a boat would take to settle, after being staved by a snag—various cases were cited, but that most dwelt upon, was the case of the *Shepherdess*, which, was struck right in two; one part of her going down instantaneously—drowning fifty or sixty of the unfortunate passengers. It was perfectly clear, that going up the Mississippi in the night, with an experienced pilot, was a somewhat doubtful operation; but with one who was worse than nothing, it was perfect madness. Shortly after arriving at this interesting conclusion, the boat received a shock on one side, which staggered those who were standing, and effectually shook the sitting out of their chairs. A general outcry and partial rush to the sides ensued, when it was discovered that we had struck a snag on the side, with the pleasing intelligence, that had the blow been two inches fuller, the boat would have inevitably been staved.

The pencil of Hogarth would have found abundant employment in portraying the various phases of character developed under these circumstances. The sober, but not cowardly gravity of some—the laugh of others—the total indifference—the effort of others to hide real fears under assumed recklessness, was at once amusing and sad. One unfortunate was frightened past even the care to disguise his cowardice—placed right upon the bow of the vessel, tightly grasping the sides of a wagon, the poor wretch, with eyes almost starting from their sockets, gazed out upon the waters, striving to penetrate the gloom, and

spy out the snags which were to cause our ruin—doubtless they danced perpetually before his eyes—for

"The coward dies an hundred deaths,
The brave man dies but once—"

He was truly an object of pity. Scarcely half an hour elapsed before another shock was received by the boat, which fairly stopped and staggered her. We had run upon a reef of rocks, from which after a time, she was loosed, only to be put on again—thus we made our passage of the last few miles, missing the channel and striking bars, with the fear that each shock was a snag instead of a sand bar. It was time that we reached St. Louis—for some of the articles most necessary to our existence, had as the unwashed steward emphatically expressed it, "give out," and our patience was in similar condition, to say nothing

of the pleasing expectation of having to swim for our lives in a strong current and wide river, simply because a man had undertaken a duty for which he was wholly incompetent.

After six days of tiresome traveling we reached St. Louis in the middle of the night, and after sitting up, in the hope of going ashore and getting a comfortable bed, had to turn in and put up with a small berth badly ventilated, until morning should enable us to take leave of what had positively proven our "prison house."

Reader, thou art doubtless a reasonable and reasoning animal, and in all probability, will say, "what on earth has this man given us such an abominable yarn for," simply as preface to this advice—*If you have ever occasion to go from Louisville to St. Louis, when the water is too low for first class boats—go by stage.*

THE WOODS.

BY JOSEPH H. BUTLER

Author of "Wild Flowers of Poesy."

THE woods, the woods—the dark green woods
How beautiful they stand!
Waving their leafy banners high,
The glory of our land,—
Home of the feathered minstrels sweet,
Whose songs, at morn and even,
Thrill thro' the dark isles all unseen,
Like angel notes from heaven—
Majestic as an army brave,
They stand in phalanx deep,
Embattled for the coming storm,
Their stately watch they keep.
The woods, the woods—the stately woods
In gloomy grandeur, proud,
They lift their towering heads, and speak
Defiance to the cloud!
The woods, the woods—the noble woods,
Those temples reared by God,
Their rich, cathedral columns, rise
Majestic from the sod—
The woods, the woods—the solemn woods,
For contemplation made,
Oh, when the burning sun is high,
How grateful is their shade!
And when bright Autumn's fingers touch
Their changing garments fair,
Ye could imagine fairy hands
Had wrought such wonders there!

They shame the robes of mighty kings—
All gorgeous hues are here,
Lovely, in death, the forests stand
And, their rich banners rear;
An emblem they of mortal man,
When the last pang is past,
We shall come forth, in light array'd
Immortal at the last!
The woods, the tall and living woods,
I love at evening hour,
To watch the blessed stars shine through,
Like eyes of magic power.
The woods, the woods—the mighty woods—
The bulwarks of our land,
When arm'd with lightning, forth they ride
At liberty's command—
Bearing our starry flag on high,
To many a foreign shore,
Startling old ocean's solitude
With the dread cannon's roar.
The woods, the woods—the useful woods
By science taught, they rise,
In many a pleasant home they stand,
A shelter from the skies.
The glory of our homes they are,
The growth of ages past,
And ever may their stately sons,
Still battle with the blast!

A DAUGHTER'S REMINISCENCE.

BY MISS S. A. HUNT.

"AUNT ISABEL!" exclaimed a very thoughtless young lady, in quite a thoughtful tone.

"What, my child!"

"I believe you keep a journal."

"Yes!"

"Well—" the fair questioner stopped short, and turned a little red, then continued, "I feel very dull, this evening; I wish I had something to amuse me."

"Indeed! You will find books on the table before you, if you wish to read."

"I do n't exactly feel like reading in a book. I want to read something one of my friends has written. Aunt Isabel, you know how I would like to look over your journal. I won't cast my eye upon a page that has a word on it you would not wish me to see. I am sure you cannot object to selecting some detached parts,—beneficial reflections, for instance." The damsel laughed, and Aunt Isabel smiled, saying, "I believe I did make you a promise, of which you are delicately reminding me, now. Well, I will get you some papers I wrote a few years ago. They are reminiscences of my early days, and relate to my mother. I hope they may be of some use to you, dear Harriet, and teach you to care in every trifling thing, for the happiness of the mother who is spared you."

Mrs. Isabel Overington was a widow lady between thirty and forty. She left the sitting room a few moments, and, on her return, placed silently in the hands of her niece, a parcel of manuscript. After an affectionate "good night," the young girl was given up to loneliness, and the papers before her.

AUNT ISABEL'S REMINISCENCE.

TWELVE years have rolled by since my mother's death, and how sad the feelings that rush over me, as I look back, and stand by her bedside again—a girl. Her only child—I hear her low voice, and her large, earnest eyes are raised briefly to mine, then wearily drooped, as her pale cheek more closely presses the pillow. Her gentle "*my child*" again falls upon my ear, and I throw aside my pen to weep. How the reality comes upon me! what would I not give to bend over that emaciated and beloved form, for one moment only, that I might murmur prayerful words of tenderness, and implore forgiveness for every careless tone or look bestowed in days gone by. Each ungrateful act of childhood is fixed clearly before the eye of memory: could I but have known how strong was the power of those slight circumstances to wound, how different would have been my actions. A mother's love! how often my heart has yearned for it in loneliness and despondency. Yes! this night

twelve years ago, I knelt at the bedside of a dying mother, and her loving hand was laid upon my head with a blessing.

That morning an October sun rose gloriously in the heavens, and a balmy breath wafted a richness throughout the world of nature. The summer depth of the surrounding foliage was giving place to the radiant glow which the dying year bestows; a thousand tints of yellow and brilliant scarlet blent with the fading green, and varied the warm hues to the enchanted eye. Even the crisp and rustling leaves, upon the ground, seemed light-hearted and musical. To my careless heart, all things gave forth a note of joy. Every slight event of that day is stamped upon my remembrance. I arose early, and marked the sunrise with a gladness of spirits which was almost childish. The daylight shone cheerily into my little room; I threw up the window sash, and sat on a low chair with my arms resting on the sill: as the delicious morning air touched my brow, I thought how full life was of cheerfulness and joy. What had I to make me sad, or throw a darkness upon my future? My mother was feeble, and often ill, but I never dreamed that consumption was preying upon her existence. I was yet lingering upon the threshold of life; and as Fancy roamed at will, she painted all coming events with her dashing pencil of brightness. With what abandonment, in youth, we yield ourselves up to gladsome dreams of the life that awaits us,—how perseveringly we exclude reason from partaking in the banquet which imagination spreads before us. We gaze, and behold a sunny landscape,—but we never remember that clouds may overshadow it, or a storm and wind may deface its loveliness for a season. The grand objects of existence are shrouded from our eyes, which yet can survey but a limited circle; we care not to philosophise, all things seem clear enough to our superficial glance. Time and trial bring the deep thoughts that assure us we are changed. There is a buoyancy in the untouched heart, which cannot realize that its own strength may ever give way before sorrow, or bend, like a blighted thing, to despair,—our invincibility is broken by our first deep grief, and we learn our weakness as we turn to look back upon former imaginings—now utterly shattered! Then the aspect of life changes; we are apt to grow either better or worse; we may sink into darkness bitterly, with hardly a struggle, and awake to seize the bewildering cup of pleasure,—or we may grow strong in high resolves to bear our portion in this world, listening to the inward voice which for ever says, "He shall give his angels charge concerning thee: and in their hands they shall bear thee up, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone." In patience we conquer, and in humility we wait for that deep, expan-

sive happiness, which has a sure foundation in the soul's purest depths.

With an effort I broke from a reverie, and went into my mother's apartment, which joined my own. To my surprise, she also had risen early, and was seated by the window; her head leaned back listlessly against her cushioned arm-chair for support, and her face was almost as white as the spotless morning-dress she wore; but her eyes were resting with a quiet gaze upon the scene before her. I approached noiselessly.

"Ah! good morning, my child!" she said, gently smiling, as I bent over her chair and kissed her forehead, "how lovely the day is!"

"Beautiful! But you are very pale this morning, mother. You are not as well as usual. I must not go to B—and leave you." I forced out the last sentence, with a vague hope that I would not really be obliged to stay at home; I had a very great desire to attend my cousin's party, which took place in the evening, in the city of B—, a distance of about five miles. Mother's lips were almost colorless, and she did not breathe easily; my heart smote me, when she replied kindly, "I think I am well enough, dear, for you to go to Charlotte's party; you may have every thing in readiness this afternoon by three o'clock. Your cousin Henry will be here, at that time, to take you." I hesitated; mother laid her thin hand gently within mine. Betwixt conflicting feelings, I burst into tears.

"Why, Isabel!" exclaimed mother, in surprise, "what ails you?"

"I hardly know myself, but I feel so miserably. I am disappointed—I thought I was going to be so happy to-day,—you are sick, and I can't enjoy Charlotte's party half as well, if I go." Mother was silent; I turned away my face, and leaning upon the top of the chair, fell into thought. Should I go, or should I not? A good impulse whispered, "Stay and beguile the tediousness of a sick hour." I yielded to it; and brushing away my tears, said, as cheerfully as I could, "I'll stay with you, mother."

"Thank you, my child!" was the reply. "Perhaps I shall be better after a while, then you will be at perfect liberty to go, and make yourself as happy as possible." I hoped and trusted that she would be better, and my spirits rose, as I allowed myself to dwell upon the anticipated enjoyment. My momentary depression vanished; I fancied that mother was not so ill as I at first supposed. Some time after breakfast, she turned to me affectionately and said, "I feel better than I did in the morning, Isabel, so make up your mind to go."

How those words set me at rest. I immediately saw myself gaily enjoying the flying hours, without a thought that lay heavier than a rose leaf upon my heedless heart. "I am so glad," I answered, jumping up, and looking into the invalid's face hopefully. She smiled brightly, and a faint vermillion came upon her cheek. "There is actually some *couleur de rose*!" said I, kissing the spot with delight. "How foolish I was to feel bad this morning; now you are better, and every thing has turned out as well as if I had n't cried."

"You are not very apt to lay any thing to heart, so do n't regret your crying spell."

"O no: it's over, so it is all right. But it broke in upon my established philosophy, which goes to the tune of 'Begone, dull care!'"

"Well, suppose you begone yourself, and prepare your furbelowing for to-night," said mother, with something of her usual vivacity. Away I went, humming a gay air, and catching its spirit. About an hour after, I passed mother's door, and heard her talking with Jane, a good girl who lived with us. "Poor child," I heard mother say, "I try to bear up before her, for I know she wants to go so."

"You're quite bad to-day, madam," replied Jane.

"Don't speak of it to Isabel. She stays at home so much, her spirits need recruiting."

"I waited to hear no more, but ran into my room, and again devoted myself to that refuge of all young ladies of seventeen, when in distress—a crying spell. Considerably soothed by it, and the resolution I had made to vacillate no longer, but to stay at home and do my duty, I sought mother again, and without mentioning that I had changed my mind, endeavored to wear a cheerful aspect, and divert her. About mid-day, when the sun shone warmly, she wrapped a shawl around her, and paced the piazza with me. It was the last walk we ever had together: every gentle word she uttered reproached me for being willing to leave her: there was a touching affection in the long look that rested upon me,—that dear look was worth a thousand times more than the idle gaze of strangers: tears came to my eyes, and a feeling of grateful love for my only parent rushed powerfully over me, sweeping away every thing else before it. "Let me stay with you, as a favor, mother!" I said, stooping to kiss her wasted hand, and to hide the emotion I felt. She was silent a moment, then she replied with gentle calmness,

"No, dear. I shall be content, knowing that you are enjoying a brief season of pleasure. Perhaps I will be a greater tax upon you than even now, so enjoy yourself while you can."

"Why should you think of my enjoyment, mother, when you suffer?" A violent coughing fit prevented a reply, and we went into the house. Mother sunk wearily upon the bed, and was soon in a profound sleep: she appeared to breathe easily. I bent over her, and I grew sad as I recalled her unvarying love, and felt my own unworthiness of it. Tenderness and self-reproach overpowered me, as I sank weeping by the bedside, with a prayer to be in future a more devoted child. How little I knew how wavering were the resolves founded upon impulse, instead of principle. Three hours elapsed, and I was startled from my thoughts by the sound of a carriage. It grated upon my ear like a loud discordant note in the midst of a sad, soul-subduing harmony. I hurried from the apartment, noiselessly, and opened the front door in time to greet my cousin Henry as he sprang from his vehicle.

"Ready, Isabel?" he exclaimed, nodding smilingly.

"I must stay at home, Henry," I answered, with an embarrassed feeling. "I am very sorry you have taken so much trouble for me."

"Why must you stay at home?" he inquired, coming up the steps of the piazza.

"Mother is not well to-day."

"Is it her wish that you should stay? Is she very ill?"

"She is willing to have me go, but she is really too sick for me to leave her. I think it my duty to remain, although it has been a great disappointment to me."

"If your mother consents, you shall not be disappointed. Fiddlestick on your little word *duty*. It will be time enough ten years hence for you to use it. Come, Isabel, Charlotte will never forgive me if I go back without you." At first I was firm in my refusal, but he persuaded a long time, and not in vain. I felt miserably; my mind was made up, but I was not content; selfishness had gained the ascendancy. It was a want of firmness and moral courage which had made me yield, and I was painfully conscious of it. How I wished that I was one of those strong-minded persons, who can bring out a loud flat *no* with perfect ease, and never think but that it is received in good part. But my course was taken, and as the object decided upon was pleasure, I endeavored to shake off any scruples I felt in regard to duty, and to silence the whispers of conscience. I wrote a little note, saying that I would return early in the morning, and laid it on mother's pillow, called Jane to sit in the room, then hurriedly prepared to go to B—. I was soon ready: pressing a light kiss upon my sleeping parent's cheek, I hastened from the house, and Henry and I were soon dashing along the road that led from my home, my duty, and one around whom my every affection clung. As we rode along, Henry seemed unusually kind, and anxious to divert my thoughts; he partially succeeded, yet did not entirely remove the heavy weight of self-humiliation which oppressed me. It is wretched to feel unworthy of our own esteem, as well as that of others. We arrived at my uncle's house in B—, and my cousin Charlotte welcomed me with gay vivacity. The noisy cheerfulness of the various members of the family, enabled me to assume a gaiety which sprang from without, and stilled the reproachful voice within. Evening came, and with a less sad heart I entered the parlor with Henry. Charlotte, who was a witty, light-hearted girl, had banished my gloom, and I almost wondered that I could have felt so unhappily about so little a matter. "Surely," I reasoned, "mother will be quite as well to-morrow as if I had stayed at home. She desires me to be happy." Conversation, the study of new faces, music and dancing, and an inspiring hum, sometimes broken by a hearty laugh, infected me with a like gaiety. The mischievous sally, and witty repartee flew around, and bright eyes and flushed cheeks gave evidence of a pleased excitement. With very young persons there is generally a reaction of feeling: if thrown among the gay, after unusual seriousness or sadness, a hilarity of spirits breaks forth, which is surprising even to the possessor. Having been deprived of mirthful feelings, they are relished with exquisite heartiness when they return. It was so in my case: my natural buoyancy had been chained down by the weight of deeper and sadder feelings than was wont, and when it burst from its bondage, I revelled in a flushed and careless happiness, thoughtless of all but the present moment. I was standing ready to dance,

smiling complacently at a soft nothing which was being whispered to me, when my cousin Charlotte approached me in an agitated manner, and caught my arm. My heart gave a sudden and terrible throb, then sunk like lead in my bosom.

"Mother," I whispered, looking into her alarmed face. She led me away without reply, and took me to the dressing-room. "Quick! What is it?" I uttered, with intense impatience, as I sunk trembling into a chair. "Tell me quick, or you'll kill me, is she dying?"

"She is much worse!" replied my aunt calmly, who stood by. The paleness of her face convinced me that hope was over. "She is dying, and I never shall get home!" I answered, in anguish. Charlotte wrapped my shawl around me. I arose as weak as an infant, and attempted to reach the door. I hardly remember what followed. When my thoughts became tangible, I found myself leaning back in a carriage, with my aunt sitting beside me, holding my hand. I heard the familiar voice of our hired man Peter, urging the horse forward at the top of his speed. I recalled my hasty departure from the crowded parlors,—then came the image of my dying mother, her sad surprise, on awaking from her sleep, to find her child gone,—her suffering, with no beloved one nigh. How coldly unfeeling I must seem, to have quitted her in her unconscious slumber, after having begged to stay by her side. "If I had but done what my conscience bade me do—I am rightly punished!" was my harrowing thought. Every moment seemed lengthened to an hour, and I pressed my hands tightly upon my heart, in the vain hope of stifling sensation. At last we stopped before my mother's house. I sprang from the carriage, reached the front door, which was unlocked, and was hurrying to mother's apartment, when my aunt caught hold of me, and said, almost sternly, "Isabel, are you distracted? Stop and calm yourself before you agitate your mother!" I obeyed: my breath heaved so that I could not speak: she opened the door softly, and I heard the voice of my mother. It soothed the wild alarm within me: I thought she might not be dying, and a pure joy filled my whole being for a moment—it passed away as rapidly, for her husky breathing fell upon my ear.

"I will go in now, aunt," I said, with a strange calmness.

"Not yet: you will yield to your feelings," she returned, laying her hand upon my shoulder.

"I am calm!" Thus saying, I freed myself from her detaining grasp, and entered the sick chamber. The physician stood at the head of the bed; I needed only to look in his face, to read the signal of hope's decay.

"Command yourself, my dear, this is a solemn hour!" he whispered, as he came and led me forward. My mother's glance fell upon me, and a faint, heavenly smile, irradiated her countenance, as she murmured, "My child!" There was a spiritual beauty in her look that bade me hush my throbbing heart, and remember that angels were with the dying one. I leaned over her, and for the first time the scalding tears fell. I kissed her white lips and hollow cheek. All the forgotten love of infancy and childhood rushed upon me in that hour—the hoarded

tenderness of years swelled my soul. Only the word "*mother*" burst from my lips.

"Gently, my child!" she uttered, as I sank down upon my knees, and bowed my head upon the bed, in broken hearted abandonment. "This earthly link must be severed—I thought not so soon—but a heavenly tie shall bind us." Her faint hand moved, then rested upon my head; she continued silently. "The God of love bless you—yield your soul to Him; He will give you peace." There was a long, deep silence: I could only clasp her hand. I feared the hurrying angel of death would do his work, before a word would leave my parched lips—if I could but have uttered "*forgive*," it would have then been worth a life to me.

"Clasp your arms around me, Isabel," she whispered. I arose, and sharing her dying couch, slightly raised her, and supported her head upon my heart. A mortal paleness was upon her countenance: she lay still and faintly breathing in my arms: pain and agitated emotion gave place to serenity upon her white brow. My choking breath became stilled—my tears ceased to fall: a brief calmness settled upon me, as if an angel had poured oil upon the troubled depths within me, murmuring "Peace, be still!"

"Dear mother," at last I said, "you cannot know how I have loved you—can you forgive me for leaving you alone?"

"Oh! yes, how willingly, my child. May the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee." Then feebly pressing my hand, she added, "I shall leave you in peace, beloved one; you will not forget my prayers and tears over you, when I am gone. Live to overcome yourself, and to release your soul, a cherished gift from the Divinity,—then you will have that infinite peace, which is a foretaste of what is beyond."

"Oh! mother, I could lay down my life to recall the pain I have given you a thousand times by my faults,—I never dreamed that you would die, and atonement would be impossible."

"Hush, dear child. Do not reproach yourself. No human being is perfect—only begin now to prepare for Heaven."

"I will. Oh! mother, be my guardian angel, when you are happy above. I will live now for the sake of goodness—I have no hopes on earth, no one will ever love me as you have done." The dying one clasped my hand with an ardour, I would have thought impossible a moment before, and breathed forth in all the strength of human love, "My child—oh! my child! will not our spirits be near for ever?"

"God grant it in His mercy!" I answered. As I pressed my face to mother's something like resignation stole over me, and I gave utterance to a passage that broke soothingly upon my mind. "He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men."

"Right, Isabel," was the answer, spoken with difficulty. "I would give you much advice, dear one! but I have not strength. Make your heart a temple of love for all mankind, but do not murmur, if it be long before you meet with love like mine again." Exhausted by what she had uttered in a weak, trembling voice, she remained motionless, save the labored heaving of her chest. Her features soon contrasted with great physical suffering, but as the pain died away the spiritual loveliness returned, and she softly breathed,

"Thou art with me, my Father!" My aunt, who had been kneeling in silent grief at the foot of the bed, now approached, and murmured, "Emma, dear Emma!"

The dying one opened her eyes, faintly smiled, and articulated, "sister!" My aunt bent over and kissed the lips of that resigned being, while her silent tears fell. "I will be a mother to your child, dear Emma!" were the tender words spoken to sooth the fleeting soul.

"My orphan, yes!" was answered, in an accent of pity and tenderness, which thrilled me with inexpressible anguish, for it brought the lonely future before me with a death-like pang. It has been said that "nothing is abiding but suffering." Better might it have been said, nothing is abiding but love. It lies back in the soul, calmly resting at times, and we may not always be conscious of what we have within us—but suffering ever wakens it, and we tremble before its might, for we learn that it is the strongest thing the spirit may know. The germs of life, thought, joy, feeling, and sorrow, are folded up in that one word, *love*. Thus I thought, as I dwelt with heaving breath, but tearlessly, upon the fast changing features of my only parent. I heard the fearful death-rattle—a strange awe silenced the pulsations of my heart, and made me fear to breathe or move.

"My God! into thy hands—" came broken and indistinctly from the dying lips of my mother. Again a long, unbroken silence—yet was it eloquent with feelings that overpowered the soul. Her eyes closed gently, her short, quivering breath, ceased, her spirit was gone,—yet I clasped more closely the soulless form, and laid my hand upon the lately-beating heart—all was still—still. Then nature gave way,—I could hear no more—a darkness and dizziness came upon me, and I lost myself in insensibility. When I recovered, I found myself in my own room, resting by the window which I had gazed from in the morning. How had one brief day changed the life within me! My aunt was watching over me. Her sad face recalled the whole, and I leaned my head back in the arm-chair I had raised it from, hoping for a dim forgetfulness again. In vain.

"Oh! leave me alone, aunt—" I implored, "leave me alone to pray, for my soul is sinking!" Then remembering her tender kindness, I caught her hand, and exclaimed, "Forgive me, I am too wretched to appreciate any thing now." I burst into tears, which relieved me. I was left alone; the lamp burned with a dim, solemn light. The sense of suffering grew upon me as I *thought*, and made me ask myself if the oppressed heart within was the same one that beat with so blessed a freedom in the morning. I murmured, I despaired, I was bitterly ungrateful for the gift of life, I learned the fulness of its meaning now, and oh! what a blankness there seemed hanging upon my future. Then across my darkened soul came the words, "Live to overcome yourself, and to realize your soul a cherished gift from the Divinity." I knelt, and poured forth my whole wretched soul in prayer,—I laid my blasted hopes upon a heavenly altar, and besought for resignation to tread the paths of earth with meekness, and a spirit that might grow firmer and purer through its griefs. That night I suffered,—but I would not have it blotted from my

soul's history, though its memory rung my heart as often as it recurred; for it did me good. It broke my dreamy life, and, through God, it made a mother's gentle soul the meditating angel that led my spirit upward in its hopes and aspirations. Twelve long years have somewhat calmed me, and I turn back with a peaceful heart to the night which this pen has now commemorated.

"Finished!" broke out Harriet, in a low tone, to herself, as she laid her hand upon the last page of Aunt Isabel's manuscript. The reminiscence awoke beneficial thoughts in her versatile heart, and profiting by the experience of Aunt Isabel, she sought with tender assiduity to become a more devoted child, both to her earthly parents and to her Heavenly one.

MY OLD LETTERS.

BY LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

ONE hour amongst my treasures! Oh 'tis sweet,
Mournfully sweet, to this o'er-burdened heart,
To turn from all life's present cares and toils,
And pass one hour amidst the treasured gems,
The living, breathing, never-fading flowers,
Which I have gather'd in life's varied paths,
Since first in childhood's morn my little heart
Was taught to understand such bitter words
As parting, absence, sorrow, and vain hope—
'Till now, that I have gained the highest steep
Of life's meridian,—whence the weary eye
Looks down the shadowy paths, which hath no bourn
Except the quiet grave. Oh, there is peace—
And rest for all the weary! Some of those
Whose pledges of a never-dying love
Perfume these fragrant leaflets of their souls,
Have gone down there to sleep, and I have wept
And counted them The Lost,—but 't is not so;
The earnest breathing of their truthful minds
Live on these written sheets—and here and there
A tear that gushed up from the warm, live heart,
Lies where it fell—more precious than the pearl
That's purchased with a kingdom. As I press
My lips with trembling fervor on these seals
Of true and fervent souls, my spirit feels
That they are near me—their live sympathies
Inbraided with the tissue of my mind
And wreath'd amongst my heart-strings. Oh, I know
That pure and fervent love can never die;—
And these are with me ever.

They are lost
Who live, and have forgotten. Unto them
Be joy, and wealth, and honor. 'Tis enough
That I am sorrowful, and feel the bond
Of absence ever straining at my heart.
I will not now weep o'er the register
Of such unstable minds, though broken buds
And wither'd leaves, that grew in my warm heart
Upon the trees that Hope had planted there,
Are folded up within them. Let them rest,—
Sad records of the weakness of the mind,
The faithlessness of poor humanity
Go to your hiding-place, while I unfold

The leaves of these unwilling flowers of Truth
That breathe so rich an odor. Fresh and sweet
They lie before me,—the white jessmine buds
Of pure young girlhood's offering. The white rose
Of womanhood's devotion. Myrtle leaves,
And sprigs of green geraniums, from the stems
Of manhood's hardier friendship, and a few—
(Oh, dearly they are cherished!) red rose leaves,
Rich with the breathings of devoted love.
Where are the hands that traced these living lines
So many years ago? Where are the eyes
That bent their brilliant beams, or tearful gaze,
Along the rapid tracery? Where the hearts
That throbb'd with yearning tenderness the while?
Now trembling with emotion—pausing now
With doubt, or apprehension, or the hope
That seems so long in coming?—Years—and change—
And death—can ye not answer? No reply
Do ye vouchsafe to any. Death, and change,
And time, are silent spoilers. All in vain
The hearts that ye have rob'd shriek out, and plead
For restitution, or one little word
To calm their yearning anguish. Ye are deaf
To all entreaty, and, since time began,
Have never answered to the earnest prayer
That knock'd in agony at the cold gates
Of your mysterious, silent palaces.
But o'er these precious treasures of my heart
Ye have no power. The rapid lapse of years—
The stern mutations of all things that feel
The tide of life. The hand that breaks the heart,
And crushes loveliness—and o'er all
Spreads charnel mould and ashes,—none of these
Can touch the pure affections of the soul
That is itself immortal. These shall live
And bless me ever, in these written sheets,
Until the eyes that weep above them now
Are closed for ever—and the painful ties
Of life, and human tenderness, dissolved,
And my free spirit mingled with the band
Of purified and dearly ransom'd ones,
Who dwell within the light of love divine,
And fear no death or parting.

THE ROBIN.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

Author of "The Coming of the Mammoth, and other Poems."

THE groves are almost bare: the trembling trees
Are moaning as their leaves are hurried by
Like sand before the simoom, over the leas
Yellowing 'neath Autumn's eye.

Cold, very cold the bleak November wind
Sweeps from the black Nor' West, and fitfully blow
The gusts, (like fancies through a frenzied mind,)
Eddying to and fro.

The wood-land wails their might; the ancient oak,—
The forest Lear,—moans as it, quivering, feels
Their freezing touch, and shivering 'neath their yoke,
Reels—in its dotage, reels.

The sycamore, white (like a ghost,) erect,
Echoes its cry; the black, funereal pine
Shrieks, while the owl, the Winter's weird elect,
Hoots from his hollow shrine.

And borne like leaves, with piercing cries, on high
The Robins come, their wild, autumnal wail
From where they float, specks in a gusty sky,
Winnowing along the gale.

Down, scattered by the blast, along the glen,
Over the russet plains the flocks alight,
Crowding the juniper and gum, and then,
Flit on their southward flight.

Away, away, trooping they pass, the snow
And hail and sleet behind them, to where the South
Shakes its green locks, and delicate odors flow
As from some fairy mouth.

Silent they pass the wintry hours; no song,
No note, save a shrill, querulous cry,
When the keen 'gunner' (cat-like,) creeps along
The fence, and then—they fly.

Companioned by the cautious lark, from field
To field they journey, 'till the Winter wanes,
Then, to some wondrous instinct each one yields
And seeks our Northern plains.

March and its storms! No matter how the gale
Now hurtles round them, on through snow and sleet
And driving hail they pass, nor ever quail;
With restless wings and feet.

And here and there, on some tall tree, as breaks
The rosy dawn, loud, clarionet-like, rings
Their matin lay, while Nature, too, awakes
From her long sleep and sings.

Gradually the flocks grow less, for, two by two,
The Robins pass away, each with his mate,
And from the meadows, moist with April dew,
You hear their pretty prate:

And from the apple's snowy blossoms, come
Gushes of song, while round the singers crowd
The buzzing bees, and over them, hovering, hum
The Trochili aloud.

The sparrow from the fence, the oriole
From the now-budding sycamore, the wren
From his old box, the blue-bird from his hole,
Hard by the haunts of men,

The red-start from the wood-side, from the meadow
The black-cheek, and the martin in the air,
The tawny wood-thrush from the forest shadow,
With all of fair and rare,

Among those flowrets of the atmosphere,
The birds, (our only Sylphids,) with one voice,
United, yet dissevered, far and near,
Like them at Spring rejoice.

May! and in happy pairs the robins sit,
Hatching their young, the female looking down
From her brown nest. No one will trouble it
Lest heaven itself should frown

On the rude thought, for from the smouldering embers
On Memory's hearth rises the spark of thought,
And each one by its shadowy light remembers,
How flocks of robins brought

In the old time leaves, singing the while they covered
The innocent babes forsaken: so, they rear
Their nestlings undisturbed. Often has hovered,
While I have stood anear

A robin's nest, o'er me that simple story
Gently and dove-like; and I passed away
Proud, for I felt it quite as much a glory
As 't was in Caesar's day

To win a triumph, to have left that nest
Untouched; and many and many a time
When my sure gun was to my shoulder prest,
The thought of that old rhyme

Came o'er me, and I let the robins go.—
At least, the young are out, and to the woods
All have departed. Summer's sultry glow
Sees them beside the floods.

Then, Autumn comes, and fearful of its rage
They flit again. So runs the Robin's life!—
May mine from rosy youth to hoary age
As theirs, be free from strife.

THE TOWN POOR.

A WESTERN REMINISCENCE.

BY MRS. C. M. KIRKLAND.

Author of "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" &c. &c.

It is somewhat difficult, amid the conventionalisms of great cities, to remember that mere humanity, ungraced by wealth or station, and destitute of the talent by which these are to be acquired, has any claim to respect or consideration. A pauper, among us, is a mere animal, whose physical necessities a certain prejudice obliges us to supply, but whose extinction would be a decided advantage to all concerned, himself included, though there is unfortunately no provision in our laws for putting out of the world those who are merely superfluous in it.

A lady observed, last summer, that it was delightful, during the abundant fruit season, to see every poor little beggar about the markets with a fine peach or watermelon. "Why," said her friend, in all simplicity, "did you think they would eat so much as to kill themselves?"

This was the thought that suggested itself to a rich and not unfeeling person, on hearing that paupers were enjoying fruit. In the country, and especially in the new country, people feel so differently, with all their coarseness!

We had only one confessedly "poor" family in the town during the half dozen years of our residence in the West. This was the household of a stout, healthy carpenter, with a bed-ridden wife, and a good many chubby children. At first the man struggled feebly against fate, but he was too insurmountably lazy and inefficient to supply, by extra effort, the deficiency occasioned by his wife's condition. His step was always slow and heavy, except when the dinner-horn sounded when he was at work for some thriving farmer. At home, it was said, poor fellow, that he never knew what dinner was, but took bread and milk morning, noon, and night, the year round. At his work he was a very snail, measuring and measuring, and, after all, going wrong, and spoiling all by mere absence of mind and forgetfulness. So, of course, work became scarce with him.

Meanwhile, his wife was always on the bed, except when she wanted something to eat; and she was reported to have an admirable appetite. The neighbors said a good many hard things about her being able to exert herself when anything excited her; but she insisted that she had a weakness in her back about as large as a knitting-needle, which prevented her doing any kind of work, active or sedentary, though she could manage occasionally to go to a tea-drinking, or net herself a smart cap or collar when there was to be a quarterly meeting.

This did pretty well while the poor carpenter could

pay his way, and keep all the hungry mouths supplied with something in the way of food. But by and bye indolence, and improvidence, and dirt, and poor fare did their work upon him, and he was gradually incapacitated for work, and reduced to the necessity of asking aid from the town. After this the waters soon closed over his head. Debts pressed—sickness came—hope (for this world) was extinct. Happily, even in this darkness, a light came from the future world to gild the downward path of the pauper,—(paupers have souls, in the country,)—and he turned his eyes from the wretched present to the far better life to come, and welcomed Death as a kindly messenger, sent by his Heavenly Father to release him from a world of woe. No death-bed so poor that this spirit of love and hope cannot curtain it with glorious light, converting its very penury into an earnest of good things in store for the soul which has received "evil things" on this side the grave.

The funeral of this poor worn out creature was an occasion of as much interest in the neighborhood as if he had been a rich proprietor. The dignity of human nature was acknowledged by all, without a grudge on the score of pauperism. Tears flowed freely at the leave-taking, before the coffin was closed, and the widow was handed into the best carriage, with the respect due to deep affliction.

But here the pathetic aspect of this case fades at once. The recollections of poor Mrs. Crindle's consciousness of her new mourning—the airs with which she arranged and re-arranged her veil—the pullings on and off of the black gloves—the flutterings of the unaccustomed white handkerchief—are far too vivid to allow of any dwelling upon the solemnities of the scene. The kindness of her friends had arrayed her in a complete outfit for the occasion, and although some of the articles were only lent for the funeral, the mere appearing in them was too delicious to allow Mrs. Crindle to view the occasion as anything but a grand pageant in which she, after all her seclusion, was the observed of all observers. If she thought of poor Crindle at all, it was probably only to regret he could not have seen his own funeral, and herself the grandest feature of it.

A question soon arose as to Mrs. Crindle's support. She had seven children, and not one of them able to earn a living. One son was lame, through the rickets, and him it was his mother's ambition to bring up as a school-master. She said he had a big head to hold learning, and that his arms were strong

if his legs were weak. This was for the future, however. The present concern was subsistence, and here a series of argumentations, not to say altercations, ensued between Mrs. Crindle and the town-officers. The functionaries, potent in a brief authority, insisted that Mrs. Crindle should do something, however little, towards her own support; she maintained as stoutly that she neither could nor would do any such thing. She had never worked during her husband's lifetime, and she was not going to begin now. She had a family of helpless children, and it was the duty of the town to see that they did not starve. Nobody could prove that she ever had worked, and she took good care not to put such proof in any one's power by making the slightest effort.

A proposition was made to "put out" the children, but to this the mother declared she never would consent. What! let her poor little dears go to live with strangers, when they had never been separated from her for a day—the thing was out of the question! She would see them starve first. But Mr. Zeiber, the Dutch poor-master, though he shrunk from the rattling storm which the proposition brought about his ears, was not to be silenced very easily, and matters came to such a pass, that Mrs. Crindle declared if she could only get to her own people, in "York State," she would n't be beholden to nobody that begrudged her a living! Her folks were respectable, and would n't see her want for anything if they had her and her children among them.

"They shall have you!" was the immediate and hearty reply, and as soon as the idea was fairly set on foot in the community, a generous enthusiasm seemed to pervade the neighborhood. The needful clothing for the widow and orphans was speedily provided. The guardians of the poor kindled with the unwonted warmth; the loose cash in their hands was liberally appropriated for traveling expenses; and, to make assurance doubly sure, a trusty agent was appointed as companion for the journey, with directions to pay all expenses, handing over only the balance to the lady, lest some unfortunate financial error should prevent the safe transportation of these interesting members of the community to the York State.

This arrangement was substantially agreeable to Mrs. Crindle; how could it be otherwise? A journey to the East! The very sound makes western ears tingle, especially when the events of a western residence have been such as to throw no golden hue over the new country. And here that Elysian prospect, a visit eastward, was offered to Mrs. Crindle, the very last person in our whole community for whom such a blessing was supposed to be in reserve. That Mrs. Crindle, emphatically *poor* Mrs. Crindle, should be so favored, when the wives of some of our best (technically *best*,) citizens had been trying for the same thing for years in vain! It was supposed that her cup must be full—nay, that it overflowed!

Yet, whose cup is without the bitter drop? whose feast without some death's head? whose villa without a pea-hen? Not Mrs. Crindle's. The guardian of the poor (officially, *poor-master*—what an undemocratic term!) refused her at the outset the use of her money! Monstrous! to know that another had money—real money—belonging to her, who had hardly ever had a whole dollar at once—in his pocket, yet

she herself not be allowed to touch it! She was not in the dark in the matter. She knew for certain that funds almost unlimited—amounting at least to twenty-nine dollars and fifty-nine cents, had been collected for the traveling expenses of herself and children, and she had looked forward to its possession, on the morning of her departure, as the happiest moment of her life. How overwhelming the discovery that Mr. Linacre, who had been chosen to superintend the interests of the unfortunate, and at the same time to take care that the public purse received no unnecessary detriment, was to be purse-bearer, regulating, entirely at discretion, the expenditure of the journey! Who could tell what great things her management might have done with so enormous a sum as twenty-nine dollars, (to say nothing of the cents.) She was already planning a new bonnet for Jemimy Jane, and thinking how pretty George Washington would look in a pair of high-heeled boots; and of the comforts of a whole pound of candy, (it comes so cheap by the quantity!) for the solace of the party on the journey. A widow's cap was of course the proper thing to travel in; and, though Mrs. Brooke had sent her one, the hems were not half broad enough, and a new one could be bought for next to nothing at Detroit. These, and a thousand more of brilliant visions, had danced before her mind's eye times innumerable. Now, what a change! She was not to be trusted with her own money!

Now, our poor-master was admirably fitted for his office—that of providing for the poor, without the public feeling the burden. He was not naturally hard-hearted, even towards the poor, who are, as everybody knows, our natural enemies; but his doctrine was, (and it is everywhere a popular one,) that those who take care of themselves do not need help, and those who do not, don't deserve it. Some ill-conditioned people, indeed, would say that Mr. Zieber was chosen because he was deaf, and so could with difficulty be made to hear the cries of the needy, and lame, and therefore moved but slowly to their relief. But this we repudiate as mere town scandal. He showed alacrity enough in forwarding Mrs. Crindle's departure. When the town was to be relieved of a burthen, his lameness proved no obstacle. Economy is the only virtue we recognize in our public men.

Mr. Linacre was deaf, too; at least so it seemed to poor Mrs. Crindle, whose hints, innuendoes, and longings, openly or covertly expressed, as they passed through sundry villages rich in shops, went by him as the idle wind, and never produced even so much as an answer. Wise Mr. Linacre! If he had attempted to argue, he had been lost. Nobody wearing the form of man could have resisted the widow's strong reasons.

Happily the younger members of the party shared none of their mother's cares and anxieties. They had, to be sure, heard something of a large sum of money, but they showed no remembrance of it save asking occasionally for "that 'ere candy." They were too full of enjoyment to long for any thing they had not. To ride all day! To visit parts unknown, when they had never been more than three or four miles from home before! When the wagon came to the door, they could not wait till the poor moveables, (*truck*, the farmer not inaptly called them,) were stowed, but sprang in, and took a foretaste of the

journey, while waiting for the preparations to be completed. When once in motion, their shouts of merry laughter would have warmed any heart but an old bachelor's. At view of the first village, an involuntary exclamation burst forth at the sight of the frame houses. "What a lot of barns!"* they never having seen any large frame buildings, except barns. When they reached the rail-road, every thing was like a wild dream, and they seemed as if their little wits must be unsettled. "How are they going to get that house along with so many folks in 't?" said one. "Is that a burying?" asked another, staring at the train. The whistle almost paralyzed them, and when they soon began to be tired and sleepy, they actually fancied in their bewilderment that the houses and fences were flying away, while they themselves stood still. It was strange, all strange; and they began to wonder if it was really the same world they had been living in all this time.

The great Lake steamer was another world still, and the blowing off seemed a forewarning of a worse fate than they had ever learned about in the Catechism. In short, the pauper child is like any other child, when he is where he dare be any thing but a crushed worm; and one blessed good of the wild West is the recognition of his share in the common humanity.

But we spare our readers further detail of the incidents of the journey. It is enough to say, that the young ones did not recover from their astonishment, nor the mother from her just indignation at what she considered the unworthy conduct of Mr. Linacre in the suppression of her funds, by means of which she lost several great bargains, things having been offered her (she was assured by the sellers,) cheaper than was ever before known. The consequence of all this was, that she had to travel to the East in unsuitable apparel, which she well knew was the subject of unfavorable remarks among her fellow-passengers; for she saw them whispering together, and knew it must be about her. Another hardship of which she bitterly complained was, that she had no presents to carry to her friends at the East, who would reasonably expect something, as she had been away from them so long. Then the children, poor things, it certainly was very hard that she could not buy them any thing, when she had money—or ought to have it if she had her rights,—and every thing so cheap, too! But Mr. Linacre was like the dumb idols who "have ears but hear not—mouths have they, but they speak not—" and he held fast the deposits until they reached the end of the journey. It needed a good deal of inquiry to discover the residence of the "respectable" relatives of Mrs. Crindle, as the place had grown so much during her absence that she found herself quite at a loss as to localities. As "respectability," in Mr. Linacre's estimation, as well as that of the world in general, had something to do with streets and houses, the quest was begun in the more showy neighborhoods, and at what might be called the Court End; but here no account could be obtained of the widow's friends. From the wide streets to the narrow—from these to the lanes—to the by-ways—trooped our weary way,

and in one of the poorest of these last, and in the poorest hovel in it, the "respectables" were at last unearthed. The hut was in no particular better than the one Mrs. Crindle had quitted at the West; and, in fact, greatly resembled it, except that boards had the place of logs, and an uneven brick hearth the place of an uneven stone one. Mr. Linacre stood aghast at the sight of the wretched poverty, to which he had brought his wards, and it struck him at once as not improbable that the worthy board at home had been preciously humbugged—and that by one of their own paupers. He witnessed, however, a warm greeting from the old father, although this was somewhat qualified by the sour looks of a hard favored step-mother, who evidently counted, at the first glance, the number of mouths that were thus suddenly added to the consumers at the paternal board. But he kept his own counsel. Where would be the use of getting up a scene with Mrs. Crindle now? She had said her family were "respectable"—whose family is not respectable, six hundred miles off? And why were n't they as respectable as any body's folks, she said, when Mr. Linacre seemed inclined to charge her with having blinded the Western folks a little. "None of 'em have ever been in jail; and if they have n't lived as well as other folks, that was n't their fault; they had lived on the best they could get. And more than all, grandfather was a revolution sojir; and if they were a little down in the world now, what of it? They might be up before long, just as their neighbors were." As to imposing on people, Mrs. Crindle thought she was the one imposed upon, for she had not had the use of her own money.

Mr. Linacre, as we have hinted, thought it prudent to avoid further discussion, and after paying over the balance of the twenty-nine fifty-nine, (amounting only to a few shillings, to Mrs. Crindle's inexpressible surprise and indignation,) he took his leave—not very proud of his achievement. What became of the rest of that money, the widow never could imagine, unless, as she observed, Mr. Linacre drank it, unbenownst.

On his return to our neighborhood, Mr. Linacre, though sufficiently communicative as to the incidents of the journey, and particularly jocular in his description of a visit to the Episcopal Church at Detroit, where one of the children observed it was the biggest school-house he ever saw, but wondered why the minister wore his white nightgown, yet avoided condescending upon any particulars as to the state in which he found matters and things among Mrs. Cringle's respectable relatives. He probably had certain misgivings as to the final result of the expedition, as it was likely to concern the tax payers of the town of P—; but he said nothing, preferring to await the development in the course that the affairs of the poor are likely to take.

Time rolled on. We heard nothing of Mrs. Crindle, and the town was pauperless, save for the two orphan boys of a not "respectable" mother who had absconded from our bounds. Mr. Linacre, doubtless, began to hope that some favorable turn at "the East," matrimony perhaps—had relieved us for ever of the carpenter's family, when a wagon, loaded like the departing one, described some pages since, rolled briskly through the village, and stopt at the tavern; whence flew like wild-fire the annunciation, "The Crindles have come back!"

* Verbatim.

Come back! after all the trouble of getting them off—all the sewings, the givings, the contrivings; the complete outfit, as the villagers thought it, though Mrs. Crindle complained much of deficiencies and unhandsonenesses. There they were again. The authorities of the town of ———, county of Cattaraugus, State of New York, had met, and concluded that they had subjects enough of their own; and that if they assisted the father, it belonged to others to look after the daughter; and, accordingly, ascertaining that she had “a residence” at the West, they had despatched her and hers at once, under the care of a trusty person, back to the woods; demanding from our town not only traveling expenses, but physician’s fees and sundry other charges, amounting to no inconsiderable

sum, not to be raised without many words and sour looks, if it do not lead to a lawsuit between the two towns, one of which claims damages for “sending the said widow to be by it maintained,” which the other refuses absolutely, averring that “the said widow went of her own free will and accord, without compulsion or advice of the town authorities, whereupon said town joins issue,” &c. &c.

The widow herself is meanwhile the most unconcerned person in the town. She declares that she had a delightful visit, and would n’t have missed of it for any thing. The “charitable,” who contributed so readily to the outfit, feel a little sore; but all join in the laugh at the widow’s triumph, and agree to hold themselves outwitted.

THE LADY EVELINE.

(See Plate.)

At the Virgin Mother’s shrine
Knelt the Lady Eveline;
Daughter of a noble race,
Proud in soul, and fair in face;
She—whose beauty’s winning spell
Minstrels loved in song to tell;
Bow’d before the holy cross,
Sorrowing for a father’s loss.

Raymond’s daughter wept not tears
Such as village maiden’s shed,
When in agony they mourn
O’er the loved and lowly dead;
Stirring scenes had nerved her heart
For a sterner, prouder part,
And with every burning tear
Sprang a thought of glory too,
How the lost had passed away
As the brave were wont to do,
On the stormy battle ground,
With the foemen heaped around.

Backward, o’er her shoulder fair,
Streamed her long and shining hair,
And her upward eye was bent
With a fervent, deep intent,
On the Virgin’s peaceful face,
On her mein of placid grace:
As if seeking word or sign—
Gazed the Lady Eveline.

“Virgin Mother, at thy feet
I have clustered roses sweet,
Pure and stainless as they be,
They are offerings meet for thee:
Maiden mother—undefiled,
Bend to hear thy helpless child,
Hear and bless the solemn vow
Which I make before thee now;
Hear—and give an answering sign
To the orphaned Eveline.

“Scarce an hour has glided by
Since I saw my father die,
Scarce is stilled the horrid shout
That went thrilling through my brain,
When his life-blood, ebbing out,
Wet the moss-bank with its stain;
Yet I kneel before thee here—
Yet my voice is calm and clear—
Asking thee to aid and bless
In mine hour of deep distress.

“Still the angry foe is near
In his haughty pride elate,
And the hour is dark with fear
To a maiden desolate:
Mother, send some friendly aid,
Noble heart, and steady blade,
Armed by thee with strength and trust,
’Till the craven bite the dust:
Then the vow I humbly make
Shall be kept for thy dear sake,
And the knight who brings from thee
Help and succour unto me,
Shall claim from me due reward
For the homage of his sword,
Though it be my father’s land—
Though it be my heart and hand—
Mother give an answering sign,
That thou hearest Eveline.”

Was it strange—if in that hour
Thrilled by superstition’s power,
When the lady’s troubled breast
Trembled with its wild unrest,
To her eyes the Virgin seemed
From her calm repose to bend,
While her eye in beauty gleamed
As with promise to befriend;
Seemed the brow to wear a peace
That could make her terror cease,
And the still lips, with a smile,
Blessed the kneeling Eveline.

H. M.

THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM.

(See Plate.)

THIS fine steel plate exhibits a feature peculiar to all the most lovely works of nature and art, which is, that the more carefully it is examined, the more beautiful and interesting it becomes. It has that sterling beauty which wins and grows upon acquaintance; careful examination only tends to bring out new points to admire. There is a light and life about the eyes, which make it an appropriate illustration of Moore's exquisite poem, with which most of our readers are doubtless familiar; yet it would seem an injustice to the poet and the picture, were we to omit the following truly poetical description of "Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem."

"THERE's a beauty, for ever unchangingly bright,
Like the long, sunny lapse of a summer-day's light,
Shining on, shining on, by no shadow made tender,
'Till love falls asleep in its sameness of splendor.
This *was* not the beauty—oh! nothing like this,
That to young NOURMAHAL gave such magic of bliss;
But that loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn's soft shadowy days,
Now here, and now there, giving warmth as it flies,
From the lips to the cheek, from the cheeks to the eyes,
Now melting in mist and now breaking in gleams,
Like the glimpses a saint hath of heav'n in his dreams!
When pensive it seem'd as if that very grace,

That charm of all others was born with her face;
And when angry—for e'en in the tranquildest climes
Light breezes will ruffle the blossoms sometimes—
That short passing anger but seem'd to awaken
New beauty, like flowers that are sweetest when shaken.
If tenderness touch'd her, the dark of her eye
At once took a darker, a heavenlier dye,
From the depth of whose shadow, like holy revealings
From innermost shrines, came the light of her feelings!
Then her mirth—oh! 't was sportive as ever took wing
From the heart with a burst, like a wild-bird in Spring:
Illum'd by a wit that would fascinate sages,
Yet playful as *Peris* just loos'd from their cages,
While her laugh, full of life, without any control
But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;
And where it most sparkled no glance could discover,
In lip, cheek, or eyes, for she brighten'd all over—
Like any fair lake that the breeze is upon,
When it breaks into dimples and laughs in the sun,
Such, such were the peerless enchantments that gave
NOURMAHAL the proud Lord of the East, for her slave;
And though bright was his Harem—a living parterre
Of the flowers of this planet—though treasures were there
For which SOLIMAN's self might have given all the store
That the navy from OPHIR e'er wing'd to his shore,
Yet dim before *her* were the smiles of them all,
And the Light of his Harem was young NOURMAHAL!"

TO A FRIEND WITH A RING.

BY MISS M. E. WENTWORTH.

'T is a light gift, but full of love,
And if the heart that offers it could win
From thy strong intellect, thy nature calm
And smooth as currents undisturbed by storms,
The smile that wreathed thy lips in other days,
It would blot out the memory of light words
Unkind and cold, forgiven, but unforgotten,
That on our hours of sweeter intercourse
Jar like rude notes in a low murmured song,
And blend discordant melodies with all:
Alas! how light a thing may break the spell
Of love, and weave o'er Friendship's gentle ray—
Forgetfulness and change.

Frail flowers no sooner bow at autumn's breath,
Soft streams no sooner chill at touch of ice,
And clouds not sooner part before the storm
Than friends, dissevered by cold words, forget
The tenderness of other days—the ties
That held their faith in golden bondage bound.
I ask not now what change is on thy heart,
I only know that thou art changed to me;
That thy sweet voice has learned less gentle tones,
That from thy sunny eye, so full of thought,
That mirrored all the beauty of thy soul
Has fled the beam of former confidence.
Did not my friendship well approve itself?

Have I not loved thee fervently and well,
With the impetuous passion of a child—
The more 't was chidden, yet the more it loved?
O love, strange love, most tender, and most strong,
This thing so frail in tissue, yet so firm,
May well compare with thee, and I will bring
It here—*here* to this fickle heart of thine—
That you may bear in mind how light a thing
Has broke the harmony of love so true
And tried as ours; and still that one sweet word
Of tenderness may heal the wound that words
Have made. You tell me I am changed and cold,—
Go ask your heart if I alone am changed;
If my neglect estranged you from my side?
Or, if you did not rather disenthral
Yourself that you might kneel at other shrines?
Go! faithless, fickle—false, and take my gift,
A sad memento of thy broken vows,—
Here are the offerings that you made upon
My shrine—the books so full of pleasant thoughts,
The dying flowers, meet emblems of thy love;
These miscreant files of gentle words and hopes,
My heart once fed upon; take them all back,
I will not keep one token of our faith.
Go and forget;—be happy if you can,
You shall not break my peace, for from my heart
I'll blot all shadow of thy treacherous name,
And craven love.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

WE come again before our readers, with the pleasant announcement of a new volume. In their prospectus, the publishers have set forth the plan and scope of the work for 1846, which it will become our business, as far as the literary department is concerned, to see carried out. We are not a little gratified that this Magazine has been placed upon a more elevated plane, and that freer scope has been allowed us in its management. Aided by so strong a corps of collaborators, as have been enlisted in its favor, we shall, with half the labor heretofore imposed upon us, succeed in giving to its pages a far higher degree of interest and value than they have yet possessed. During the coming year, the greatest attention will be paid to the embellishments, and the highest order of artistic beauty characterize all the plates that are given. An earnest of what will appear may be seen in this number. "The Wayfarers," is a picture to look upon again and again, and the "Lady Eveline" is purity and sweetness itself. The other embellishments, like good wine, need no bush; they have been chosen with taste and discrimination.

To the eloquent article on "Rome" we particularly refer our readers. It is full of interest. Papers of this class give tone and stamina to a periodical. "Fanny Forrester" has contributed one of her pure, sweet, sparkling sketches, that beautifully contrasts with the manly vigor of the article just named. Edgar A. Poe, Mrs. Kirkland, author of "A New Home, Who'll Follow?" "Western Clearings," &c. H. Hastings Weld, Miss Dupuy, W. H. Carpenter, Mrs. Osgood, Mary Hemple, Kate Cleaveland, and others, have ably sustained each other in giving to this, the opening number of our volume, a character for graceful elegance and strength of character, that will be the distinguishing feature of our Magazine throughout the year.

The present season is one of great activity in every thing which concerns literature. Authors and publishers recognize the period between summer and Christmas as their harvest time. That is the season when family circles begin to draw around the cheerful fireside, and inquire for books, and magazines, and music, to enliven the long evenings, while the autumn wind is whistling round the casement. The book-making people understand this, and accordingly send forth their choicest productions at this season. Besides the beautiful *annuals*, technically so called, there is an annual crop of standard books and new original works, sent forth with all the rich adornings of the pencil and the graver, as well as the other appliances of satin paper, brilliant type, and gilding and binding of the most gorgeous description. All the luxuries of the London press are added to those of our own, and every season presents us with some new and striking improvement in the embellishment of books. Not satisfied with mere novelty, the London and Parisian publishers have gone back to the beautiful illuminated

and painted manuscripts of the middle ages, and copied their curious designs. We have now multiplied copies of missals, prayer books, and chronicles, in all their original quaintness of coloring and gilding, such as would have gladdened the heart of old Froissart himself, who would doubtless make large eyes, if he could now return to the land of the living, and see thousands of copies distributed, (by our modern improvements in art,) of those splendid illuminations which cost the busy clerks and limners of his own days so many years of labor to produce, one at a time.

In the historical department of literature, we are happy to notice a decided awakening. Several large publishing houses are announcing each a complete series of histories, original and translated, native and foreign. Such a movement indicates a change in the public taste, which, a few years since, was openly charged with tolerating nothing but novels. Novels have now ceased to be books. They are pamphlets at two shillings each; and the man who desires to have books in his library, must either bind half a dozen of them together, or buy something of a more solid character. Such a state of things cannot fail to elevate the tone of general education and intelligence in our country. When all our school and social libraries are filled with works of solid merit and lasting interest, the national character will be elevated, and the national literature will receive its best earnest of improvement and permanence.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Lea and Blanchard have recently added to their invaluable series of historical works, Ranke's "*History of the Reformation*" in Germany, translated by Sarah Austin. For learning, fidelity, and extensive research, Ranke is unrivalled among modern historians. His "*History of the Popes*" has rendered his name classical in Europe. The same publishers have issued, "*a History of the Huguenots, By W. S. Browning.*" This work we read some time since in the London edition. It is full of entertainment—the characters and incidents being developed with great ability, and the course of events, which led to the utter downfall and ruin of Protestantism in France, being traced with great narrative skill.

Messrs. Carey and Hart have just published, "*Poems, By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, with illustrations by D. Huntington.*" It is hardly necessary to characterize the writing of one of the most popular writers of our country. Mr. Longfellow has been for near twenty years before the public as a poet; and his reputation has been steadily sustained as one of the purest and best in the country during the whole of this period. It is therefore but just that his fugitive pieces should be collected, and given to the world in this permanent and very elegant form. To be illustrated by Huntington, is an honor of which any

poet in the world might be proud; and the judicious publishers have taken care that the style of engraving should equal the reputation of the painter. This volume will be eagerly sought as a choice New Year's Gift and Christmas Remembrancer.

Messrs. Paine and Burgess, of New York, have published "*The Songs and Ballads of George P. Morris. First complete edition*," in a neat pocket volume, elegantly printed. The works of our most celebrated American lyrist, condensed into this cheap and portable form, will prove highly acceptable to the lovers of song.

Messrs. E. H. Butler and Co. of this city have published "*A New Dictionary of the English language, by Charles Richardson*." We are happy to see an American reprint of this great work, the most complete and perfect of any dictionary of the English language ever written. It fills two immense quarto volumes, and is printed with new type, on the finest paper, as a work of such merit and importance should be. The words are alphabetically and etymologically arranged, that is to say, with a combination of these two methods, the English primitives being in alphabetical order, and the derivatives arranged under them collectively, followed by exceedingly copious quotations from English writers of all periods; so that the history, as well as the meaning of every word, is taken in at a glance. The book is afforded at half the usual price demanded for works of this magnitude.

Messrs. E. H. Butler & Co. have published "*First Lines of Natural Philosophy, divested of Mathematical Formulæ; being a practical and Lucid Introduction to the study of the science. Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies, and for Readers generally who have not been trained to the study of the exact sciences, and those who wish to enter understandingly upon the study of the mixed sciences.*" By Reynell Coates, M. D. Author of *Physiology for schools*. Illustrated by 264 cuts. Dr. Coates's design in this work is pretty fully set forth in the title page. The execution is characterized by his usual ability. Striking out from the beaten track, he has exhibited a new and extremely interesting method of treating this important science. The book will undoubtedly be recognized by teachers as an improvement on its predecessors, and the style will commend it to young people, who love to be addressed familiarly by those who are replete with learning, and inspired by genius.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have published "*The Expectant*," and the "*Quiet Husband*," novels by Miss Ellen Pickering, whose popularity is still attested by the rapid sale of this cheap reprint of her works. The same publishers have issued "*Three Nights in a Lifetime. A Domestic Tale, by the author of Inishairlach*," a spirited novel, full of striking incidents and well drawn traits of character. Messrs. Ferrett & Co. have also issued "*Agathonia, A Romance, by Mrs. Gore*," well known as one of the best living writers of fiction. "*The Groves of Blarney. By Mrs. S. C. Hall*," the best writer on Irish subjects of the present day, has also been added to the list of cheap publications of Messrs. Ferrett & Co. They have also published Nursery Ditties, from the lips of Mrs. Lullaby, with highly spirited engravings.

Messrs. E. Ferrett & Co. have also issued a second edition of "*Stories of the American Revolution*," illustrated with beautiful wood cuts. This work is designed for young people, and exhibits a graphic account of the most prominent events in the history of the Revolution, truthfully told, while the illustrations are good and calculated to impress events upon the mind of youthful readers. The book is handsomely bound, and well adapted for a Christmas present.

The same publishers have a series of T. S. Arthur's works in uniform editions—"The Heiress," "The Club Room," "Six Nights with the Washingtonians," "The Maiden," and "The Wife," all neatly bound and well fitted for the library of a lady.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, and Mr. George S. Appleton, of Philadelphia, have published "*The Book of the Colonies; comprising a History of the Colonies composing the United States, from the Discovery in the Tenth century, until the Commencement of the Revolutionary War. Compiled from the Best Authorities. By John Frost, L.L. D. Author of Book of the Army and Book of the Navy*." This work is evidently prepared with unusual care, and will undoubtedly equal in popularity any of the numerous historical works of the author. The embellishments are very beautiful and spirited, including historical pictures of important events, and several extremely interesting portraits. That of Sebastian Cabot looks the character of the "Great Seaman." Another book, by the same author, issues from the same press: "*The Book of Good Examples; drawn from Authentic History and Biography; designed to illustrate the beneficial effects of Virtuous Conduct*." The moral tendency of this work is excellent, and should especially commend it to the favor of parents, guardians, school committees and others, who may be charged with the formation of libraries for the use of young people. The same publishers have issued a very curious and rich specimen of illuminated and colored work, entitled "*Christmas Carols*." It is the best imitation of the colored illuminations of the middle ages we have ever seen. The fruits, flowers, and figures, are perfectly life-like.

Messrs. Carey & Hart have recently issued *The Mysteries of the Backwoods. By T. B. Thorpe, Author of "Tom Owen the Bee Hunter"*, with original designs by Darley. This is one of those rich and racy pictures of life in the Southwest, like the "*Life of Captain Suggs*," and the "*Great Bear of Arkansas*," so popular with all the lovers of genuine humor. They have also published "*George Cruikshank's Table Book, with Twenty-two Engravings on Steel and Wood*, one of the author's liveliest and most piquant productions. Also "*The O'Donoghue. A Tale of Ireland Fifty Years Ago.*" By Charles Lever, Author of "*Harry Lorrequer*," "*Charles O'Malley*," "*Arthur O'Leary*," &c. &c. with Illustrations by Phiz. This publication is from the early sheets received by Carey & Hart in advance of the publication in Ireland. The public will require no prompter to inform them what to expect in this work. Rich Irish humor, fine delineations of scenery, and masterly sketches of character flow from the pen of Lever without apparent effort; and the scene and period chosen for this tale, place it in his best element.

Messrs. Paine & Burgess have published "*Trip-pings to Author Land. By Fanny Forrester.*" This is a collection of the Tales which have won so much fame for the fair writer. All the world knows that they are full of those qualities which, in all ages of literary history, have proved the best elements of success—wit, humor, pathos, a nice observation and discrimination of character, great felicity of narrative and description, and a piquant, ingenuous, and lively style. The approbation bestowed by Mr. Willis on Fanny, at the commencement of her character, was but another evidence of his quick perception of genuine merit. He could sympathize with those feelings in the new writer which are so kindred to his own, and give the right hand of fellowship to one who resembles him in his best characteristics as a writer.

Mr. J. W. Moore, No. 138 Chesnut street, Philadelphia, has published "*Household Verses. By Bernard Barton.*" The character of the Quaker Poet is well known to the literary world. Fine fancy, chaste diction, and pure moral sentiment, have long since established his fame. The new book, put forth after a silence of nine years, will be received with a hearty welcome. We especially commend it as a Christmas and New Year's present, as it is finely embellished with steel engravings, and elegantly printed and bound.

Messrs. Walker & Gillis have published "*Nursery Rhymes, Tales, and Jingles,*" richly illustrated and embellished. The verses are unusually well selected, being intelligible to very small jingle, and free from the exceptionable coarseness of some of the Mother Goose poems, which are so abundantly furnished to the rising generation.

The same publishers have issued "*Kriss Kringle's Raree Show for good Boys and Girls,*" a richly embellished quarto annual, where St. Nicholas is represented as showing off a series of historical pictures to an audience of boys and girls, and one of the most knowing of the group recognizes the subjects of the pictures, and tells the stories belonging to them in a lively, off-hand, conversational way, which is mighty taking to little folks.

CHEAP MUSIC.—The doings of Ferrett & Co. in the way of cheap music, since our last, have been quite extensive. Their issues not only continue rapid, but are more and more attractive in style. *Rose Atherton*, a new song with a sweet picture on the title page, is really a gem, and costs but 12½ cents. Of songs for sixpence, with handsome illustrated titles, they have issued quite a number.—We have "*Love Now,*" a reply to Mrs. Norton's beautiful song of *Love Not*.—" *Little Nell.*" "*The Fairy Bells,*" By Mrs. Norton. "*Weep Not,*" a companion to the *Old Arm Chair*, music by Russell. "*The Light of other Days has Faded,*" By Balfe. "*Fine old English Gentleman,*" "*It is better to Laugh than be sighing,*" &c. &c. all for sixpence each. Then we have music from *Masaniello*, six songs for 25 cents. Music from *Cinderella*, four of the best songs for 25 cents—Music

from Balfe's New Opera of the *Enchantress*, which was played during the last season in London to enraptured audiences. "*Thou art Lovelier,*" as sung by Mrs. VALENTINE MOTT, price 12½ cents. "*I Love her, How I Love her,*" as sung by Mr. Templeton; 12½ cents. "*Love not, and Fra Diavolo Quick-steps,*"—6½ cents. "*La Cracovienne,*" 12½ cents.

E. Ferrett & Co. will issue in a few days Part second of the music of the *Ethiopian Serenaders*, containing ten favorite songs—Part second of *Moore's Melodies*; Part second of *Russell's Songs*, a set of *Sacred Melodies*—Music from the *Daughter of St. Marks*—The *outward Bound* by Mrs. Norton. They have, also, nearly ready for publication, various simply arranged pieces for the piano forte, suitable for easy lessons, at the same low rates at which all their other music is issued. Pieces for which 25 and 50 cents are now paid, they will soon issue for 6½ and 12½ cents each, and in a style in every way equal, if not superior to the old and dear music.

It is gratifying to find, that, in spite of all the efforts made by those interested in keeping up the long prevalent high prices, those most interested in the reform which these enterprising publishers have affected, are beginning to understand, that their cheap music is as beautiful and correct as the dear music. So far as the matter of correctness is concerned, it is only necessary to state, that E. F. & Co. employ to edit all their publications a musical professor and composer of the very first ability. Every thing is placed in his hands, and is supervised with the greatest care. As to beauty of appearance, a comparison shows greatly in favor of this cheap music. The paper is finer and whiter, and the impression of the notes clearer than in the music usually sold in the music stores. It is not to be gainsayed, that this new order of things is a great public benefit, and will do more towards the promotion of a musical taste in this country, than any thing that has occurred. It will not be long before the false representations now every where made in regard to it, east, west, north and south, by music dealers, will be taken for what they are worth. For a time, this system will operate to its exclusion in certain quarters, but its real excellence, united with its superior beauty, will soon cause it to find its way into every channel.

The new and beautiful store which the publishers have opened at 212 Chestnut Street, for the sale of this music, will attract hundreds, and lead to its more general introduction in this city. We allude to this fact with pleasure, both because it is an indication that the publishers are doing well by their enterprise, and because it will afford an opportunity for all to see and judge for themselves, between the old and new order of music.

We are pleased to repeat, that E. F. & Co. have in preparation a variety of simple airs and instrumental pieces for learners, at the same low prices. These will be issued in well selected sets, or in single sheets, to suit the wants of purchasers.

They are in constant reception of all the new music published in England; the choicest of which will be issued by them immediately after the arrival of every steamer.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE commencement of a new volume seems a fit occasion for the publishers to say a word or two about their plans and arrangements for the future. Their determination to place their work in the front rank of American periodicals has already been announced, and the present number is an earnest to the public of what they intend doing. It will be perceived that in paper, typography, embellishments, literary strength—in fact, in every thing pertaining to the external beauty and internal excellence of the work, it stands unrivalled. The very best talent in the country will be employed on this Magazine, and artists of the highest ability engaged to furnish engravings equal to any thing that has yet appeared. At least *three steel plates* will be given in EVERY NUMBER, and they will all be, in reality, specimens of art. To all this, and much more, the publishers fully pledge themselves, and the public may rest assured that this pledge will be more than fulfilled.

THE PLATES IN THIS NUMBER are splendid works of art. "THE LADY EVELINE," "THE WAYFARERS," "INDIANA KNOBS," and "THE LIGHT OF THE HAREM," are four exquisitely beautiful engravings, and contrast with each other, in subject and style of execution, admirably. To Messrs Jackman, Jones, and Graham, engravers of the first three pictures, we are under special obligation for furnishing us with such fine specimens of art. The picture of "Indiana Knobs" presents a fine view of the bold scenery that lines the banks of the Ohio. It is one of our series of AMERICAN VIEWS from original pictures, painted for this Magazine by American artists. Several very striking WESTERN VIEWS will appear in the volume just commenced.

THE SATURDAY AMERICAN.—On the advertising sheet that accompanies this number, will be found the Prospectus of an excellent weekly newspaper, The Saturday American. We recommend it to all in the country who desire a cheap and valuable weekly paper. The offer of premiums made by the publishers, to those who obtain subscribers, is particularly liberal.

OUR ANNUALS we can say, without boasting, are the most elegant of the season. The *Snow Flake* is a superb volume, and the *Musical Annual* is just the thing that has been wanted. See advertisement on cover.

PLATES FOR FUTURE NUMBERS.—We have in hands a number of magnificent plates for future numbers of this work. One of them, the most splendid picture we have ever seen in any periodical, we expect to have ready for the February number. If the artist does not disappoint us, we will present our readers with something worth calling an engraving. If not ready for our next number, it will be given in that which succeeds.

OUR MAGAZINE IN A LITERARY POINT OF VIEW.—From the first, it has been the steady aim of the editor of this Magazine to supply reading for a matured and healthy taste. In order to do this, he has not always trusted to the name of a writer as sufficient guarantee for an article's excellence, but has admitted or rejected every article according to its intrinsic worth. The same rule will be observed in future—so that, with the freshness of original contributions from the highest talent in the country, there will be the excellence that should ever attend the literary efforts of the gifted. The papers that appear in this work, will not, therefore, be mere literary recreations. They will have a far higher merit.

FANNY FORRESTER.—Among the various new contributors engaged for the next volume, we are happy to find "Fanny Forrester," one of the pleasantest Magazine writers we have. It is a real treat to read one of her articles. Turn, reader, a few pages back, and judge for yourself.

OUR ENGRAVINGS FOR 1846.—We have in the hands of some of our most eminent artists, a series of plates that are to be equal to any thing that has yet appeared in the annuals. We are determined to attain as near perfection as possible in this department of our Magazine.

OUR NEW COVER.—We feel justly proud of the new and striking design which we have obtained for the cover of our Magazine. It is exceedingly chaste and artistic as a whole, while all the details of the picture (for it is really a picture), are most elaborate, and finished up with the greatest accuracy and delicacy of touch.

Our friends of the press will particularly oblige us by giving our Prospectus a few insertions, and sending their papers marked.

Western periodical dealers can obtain advance supplies of our Magazine, cheap publications, and music, by sending their orders to our Western Depot, 42 West Fourth street, CINCINNATI.

REMOVAL.—Since the publication of our last number, we have removed from 68 South Fourth street, to the large and elegant store 212 Chestnut street, above Eighth, where we invite all our city friends to call and look at our splendid assortment of new and elegant music, at one-fourth the usual price. If our country friends would like a supply of this correct and beautiful music, we invite them to send on their orders—they shall receive prompt attention.

See our advertisement of *Music by mail free of postage*.

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W. F. Wall

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View up the Delaware River

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